

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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PART LXXII.

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## THE EDITOR TO THE READERS OF THE "RAMBLER."

To meet the wishes of so miscellaneous a class as the readers of an English Catholic periodical is necessarily a task of more than ordinary editorial difficulty. Every other journal has a class of subscribers more or less alike in profession, tastes, sex, and private pursuits. The English Protestant world is so vast, that it is enabled to divide itself into sections, each one expressing itself by its own organs, or seeking its own proper periodical supply of such amusing or instructive literature as is adapted to its inclinations. One class has its theological journal, another its critical, another its literary, another its scientific, another its classical, another its antiquarian, another its artistic, another its musical; with all the varying sub-divisions consequent on the divisions and sub-divisions of Protestantism and unbelief.

With us, who are Catholics, the very reverse is the case. We apprehend that the subscribers to the *Rambler* are perhaps the most miscellaneous class of readers attached to any periodical in existence. Priests, laymen, ladies, gentlemen, professional men, men in business, young men, "old Catholics," "converts," lovers of antiquity, lovers of to-day, lovers of research, lovers of gossip, lovers of theology, lovers of novels; there is scarcely a variety in the human mind whose wishes we have not to consult in our monthly labours. Quite recently we have been gratified at learning that in a certain Catholic "Lending-Library," where the subscribers are necessarily of a poorer class than those for whom we habitually write, there are no books so much read as the back numbers and volumes of the *Rambler*.

To all this add the necessity for handling topics of the day with that union of courage, zeal, liveliness, delicacy, and moderation which befits the editor of a Catholic journal. Nothing is easier, of course, than to treat of such topics when they extend only to *Protestantism* and its manifestations.

This, however, is very far from all that our readers desire. They desire, and very reasonably, that we should, from time to time, discuss *Catholic* subjects of present and urgent interest; not, of course, those matters of purely ecclesiastical discipline, which belong to the spiritual rulers of the Church; but those practical questions which spring from our ever-changing relations to the world and to one another, on which every private Catholic may have his own opinion. To treat such subjects rightly is, no doubt, a very difficult matter; we do not mean merely with reference to the *view* upheld on any open question, but with a due deference both to authority and to the feelings of those from whom the writers in a journal may differ. Still, it is better to run the risk of an occasional error than altogether to neglect so necessary a function; and accordingly we have repeatedly discussed those topics which have been for some years past peculiarly interesting, in a practical way, to English and Irish Catholics. In conducting such an enterprise, it would be most presumptuous in an editor and his staff to expect to attain an impeccability never granted to man, as it would be most unfair in his readers to demand such a thing. In this world, those who will risk nothing will do nothing. If a man is to wait until he is *certain* that he is not about to make a mistake, the greatest saint must wait till he dies. Good intentions on the one part, and charity on the other, will, however, go a great way towards smoothing the path of those who go hand-in-hand, like the writers and readers in a Catholic journal.

All this we take the occasion of the approach of a new year, heralding a new volume, to lay before our readers; being sure that they will uphold us in our endeavours to render our labours more worthy of the support of all classes of our English and Irish fellow-Catholics. Such support *must* be, to a certain extent, a self-denying one to most readers. We *cannot* have a Catholic journal exclusively adapted to the tastes of any one peculiar class. Our subscribers must, therefore, consider that a *portion* of their subscription is bestowed by them on the advancement of the general cause of Catholic literature and cultivation. No reader can expect to have a whole Catholic journal to himself.

For the future, at the same time, we shall strain every nerve to render our pages as *generally* interesting and informing as possible, presenting our readers, especially, with a fuller account of such books of historical, biographical, and entertaining literature as the teeming press of this country is ceaselessly pouring forth. We propose also to devote a small portion of our space to a review of contemporary Continental literature, so far as it promises to be of interest to English

Catholics. For many months during the past year circumstances of a private nature, with which many of our readers are already acquainted, have incapacitated us for that attention to the current events and literature of the day, and that active superintendence of our journal, which are so essential to its success. For the coming year, however, we are happy to inform our readers, that we have been enabled to make arrangements by which its efficiency and attractiveness will be materially increased. It is also proposed to make considerable improvement in the department of Short Notices, so as to include not only an account of all new *Catholic* publications, but also of many works on general literature, of whose character it is well that Catholics should be accurately informed.

One consideration more we must, however, lay before our friends and subscribers. Increased efficiency requires increased outlay, and increased outlay can only be compensated by an increase in our number of subscriptions. The more copies that are sold of the *Rambler*, the more worth having it will always be. Every day the Catholic body becomes more capable of *producing* a journal of first-rate merit; but Catholic writers are like other writers; they must be paid, and paid well, for their work. When an accomplished Catholic writer finds that, by treating on purely secular subjects, and so far dropping his Catholicism, he can obtain from a Protestant periodical three times the remuneration he can obtain from a Catholic, who can wonder that he turns to where he can gain wherewithal to clothe and feed himself and pay his taxes? And what right have those to blame him, whose apathy, or carelessness, or foolish prejudices, or angry feelings, prevent them from giving that support to Catholic books and journals which Protestants are so eager to bestow on Anti-Catholic publications of every class? Go where you will, in Great Britain and Ireland, you hear the same complaints, that very many of those who *can* assist in the creation of a Catholic literature, by simply *buying* good books when they are published, are too cold and too careless to spend a few shillings a month for a cause of such vast moment.

Happy indeed we are to know that there are many exceptions to this rule. But of these, few are aware of the absolute necessity there is for increased exertions on *their* part to promote the cause they have at heart. We take this opportunity, therefore, respectfully to urge on our friends the important *duty* at the present juncture of lending a helping hand, wherever they can, to those who are toiling on their behalf, and for the *Christian cultivation* of the intellect of the time. So far as our own labours are concerned, we venture



to request of all who take an interest in the success and increased efficiency of the *Rambler*, that they will be kind enough to do their best to promote its circulation; that in cases where two or three now unite to take a single copy, they will consider whether they could not afford each to take a copy for himself; and, at any rate, that they would think over the list of their friends and acquaintances, and induce all whom they can to commence subscribing to our Journal with the new volume commencing with the new year. We are zealously doing our best to merit their friendship and support; and we feel assured that the same kindness which has from the first alleviated and rewarded our labours will aid us in our renewed endeavours. An addition of two hundred subscribers is what is really required to put our Magazine on that footing on which it ought to be. This would enable us to offer more adequate remuneration to our contributors, and secure more interesting contributions. As it is now almost impossible to make up complete sets of the *Rambler* from the beginning, and most persons like to begin with No. 1, we propose, for the convenience of new subscribers, to adopt a new numbering with the new year. The forthcoming Number will therefore be Vol. I. No. 1, New Series. Moreover, for the advantage of residents in the country who find a difficulty in obtaining the *Rambler* regularly at the commencement of each month from the local booksellers, our publishers are prepared to supply the journal by post, on the receipt of *half* the postage, forwarded to them with a year's subscription. A post-office order for one guinea, payable to Burns and Lambert, 17 Portman-street, Portman-square, London, at the Post-office, Old Cavendish-street, will therefore ensure the arrival of the *Rambler* regularly for the following year at the commencement of each month.

With this request we conclude our labours for 1853, completing our twelfth volume, cordially thanking our friends for the kindly feeling which has now so long attended us; and trusting, with the blessing of God, to meet them again, with renewed energies and well-founded hopes, at the beginning of the new year.

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A VISIT TO ST. MARY'S, CABRA;  
OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN one or two of our recent numbers we have spoken of the noble institutions of charity which are supported in the sister isle by the liberality of the faithful; and to-day we propose to say a few words about one of the most perfect and interesting of them all, the Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at St. Mary's Convent, Cabra, near Dublin. We chanced to be present, a few months ago, at the annual examination of the children that are educated in this establishment; and a more touching, and at the same time more satisfactory exhibition we have seldom or never witnessed. We have called it an *exhibition*, because we believe this is the word ordinarily used to denote public examinations of this kind; and in many cases the term is only too appropriate; for it often happens on such occasions that, whilst there is a grand display of apparent accomplishments, yet as soon as an opportunity is given for testing their reality, they prove to be a mere show, and nothing else;—there is nothing solid and substantial about them. This, however, was far from being the case at the examination held at St. Mary's, Cabra, last summer. Indeed, we believe that a few of those who were present were tempted to complain that some of the proceedings were almost tedious, in consequence of the pains that were taken to show that the instruction imparted was not superficial, but real; that the answers of the pupils were not the result of a happy memory, recited with parrot-like fidelity, but proceeded from minds thoroughly intelligent and well-informed. At the public examination on this occasion, the teachers, either from want of time or through fear of wearying their audience, only exhibited a part of their system. Through the kindness of some of those who are engaged in the instruction, we have since received a more detailed account of the whole, and in the following pages shall introduce the main features of it to our readers.

First, however, let us be allowed to premise a few general observations on the subject, in order that its great importance and difficulty may be better appreciated. What, then, is the first object of an institution for the deaf and dumb? What is the first promise which it is supposed to make to the public? To establish a medium of communication, sure and unerring, between deaf mutes and their fellow-creatures. Unless this be done, nothing is done; and no matter what amount of knowledge the children may seem to display; no matter how quick and ready their answers may be in geography, in grammar, in history, nay even in the all-important subject of reli-

gion, unless it can be clearly ascertained that a sure and certain communication has been established between the teacher and his pupil, all this show of knowledge loses its value because of its uncertainty; for, the medium of communication being uncertain, all the knowledge communicated must needs be uncertain also. If you throw out a rope to a drowning man, it is not sufficient that you have sure and firm hold of one end; it is necessary that he whom you would assist should have an equally sure and firm hold of the other before you can rescue him from his danger; just so, it is not sufficient that the teacher should understand perfectly the characters he traces on the board,—it is necessary that the creature to whom he addresses himself should also understand them perfectly. Nor should he be too easy in believing that his pupil *does* understand him; such goodnatured credulity would be only fatal to the enlightenment of the unfortunate deaf-mute. If we find that the deaf-mute pupil omits some of the essential links of the language, for instance, the verb or the preposition, and that he is unable, on reflection, to supply the defect, we should not ascribe this to childish forgetfulness, but must conclude that the ideas have never been properly connected in his mind; that the lamentable chasm which separates him from his fellow-creatures has never been filled up! What, then, will satisfy a discerning public in judging of the efficiency of an institution for the deaf and dumb? Consecutive expression of thought on the part of the pupils;—we repeat it, nothing less than consecutive expression of thought. The subject is becoming daily more interesting and important. It is remembered that, more than half a century ago, one of Sicard's pupils, after four years' instruction, became so far a master of the language, as to plead his own cause in a court of justice. Nor does history forget that the same pupils shortly after presented to the Convention an eloquent petition for the release of their teacher, then in the slaughter-house of the Jacobins; a petition which elicited the applause of all parties, and caused the house to call on the minister of the interior for an account of the cause of Sicard's arrest. Let it not be imagined, therefore, that the public will be satisfied with a variety of pretty nothings *exhibited* by a deaf-mute at an annual examination, should it appear that, after many years' instruction, they are still incapable of writing a simple letter without assistance from their teacher; or of answering questions which a speaking child, with scarcely the use of reason, would answer without a moment's hesitation. In some institutions, if an intelligent visitor will examine the pupils in the absence of their teacher, he will sometimes receive such answers as these: Is

your father living? *Thomas.* Where do you live? *Yes.* How often do you go into the town? *First of September, &c.* Such answers are sufficient to show that far greater skill and learning and patience are requisite in an instructor of the deaf-mute than are generally supposed. Indeed, there are very few who sufficiently consider the mysterious nature of the uninstructed deaf-mute's mind. With what shall we compare such an one? With an infant? no, for the infant possesses advantages which raise him at once far above so low a level. His mother, for instance, is ever unconsciously giving him lessons in the art of speaking; she tells him the name of some object, quality, or relation; he hears the word repeated and applied a thousand different times and in a thousand different ways; he easily makes himself master of the idea, and commences at once to trade for himself in the communication of ideas, relying on the slender stock which he has already acquired, and which soon multiplies a hundredfold. The association of sound fixes the ideas in the mind, and the child becomes master of the language, a thinking and reasoning being, long before entering the school. But not so the unhappy deaf-mute! No mother's voice ever reached his imprisoned soul; no straggling ray of intelligence ever cheered his benighted mind. Ideas, it is true, have entered, but they would not tarry; he had not the power of detaining, combining, comparing them, or pronouncing upon them. The teacher, therefore, finds his mind a perfect blank, on which the characters of reason have never been traced.

Neither, again, can the deaf-mute be likened to the mere animal, for he possesses reason, though undeveloped; nor yet to the idiot, for his reason is often perfectly sound and capable of development. Where, then, shall we find a parallel? We seek it in vain through all the dominions of nature; but we can form an hypothesis to suit our subject. There are certain so-called philosophers, who would fain persuade us that all language is purely conventional, owing its rise and progress to the wants, the efforts, and ingenuity of man. We need not tell our readers that this opinion is utterly unfounded and false. Nevertheless, without supposing aboriginal men to have been the "*mutum et turpe pecus*" of Horace, we may be allowed for an instant to suppose that they had no oral, but only an artificial language. In such an hypothesis, it is evident that language, like the arts and sciences, would have proceeded by regular analysis to its present perfection. The first ideas would necessarily have been of the surrounding material objects; those ideas they might have communicated in such writing as that of the original Mexicans, after some time substituting words for the representations of the things, and thus



laying the foundations of a language properly so called. From objects they might have proceeded to their qualities and relations, advancing slowly from the more to the less known, and age after age adding something to their original stock of written words. Now something of this kind appears exactly to describe the position of deaf-mutes: their language is artificial or written; by natural signs they are capable only of expressing their wants and desires, like animals. Analysis must therefore be applied to their education; nor must its application be deferred. This was the mistake of De l'Épée; he used analysis only for communicating metaphysical ideas, and hence his pupils could never express themselves otherwise than in detached propositions, or by a simple "yes" or "no." And writing to Sicard, he says, "Never hope to make your pupils express themselves in any other language than that of signs."\* The teachers of the system followed at St. Mary's, Cabra, encouraged by the success of Sicard, apply analysis from the first day. Theirs is not the analysis of the chemist or the mathematician, where past experience, the labours of others, and the skill of the master effect more than the exertions of the pupil, but rather the efforts of rude nature to increase her scanty store of ideas.

The first step in the education of the deaf-mute which is taken by the nuns of St. Mary's is, to encourage their pupils to make rude representations on the black-boards of surrounding objects, and to point out to them the resemblance between the object and its representation. By this means their attention is excited and their interest engaged; they are saved from the child's first torment, the A, B, C; for it would be unpardonable cruelty, at the moment the poor deaf-mute is torn from parents and home, to disgust him and break his spirit by forcing him to learn unmeaning characters,—characters infinitely more unmeaning to him than to other children. It is not difficult, indeed, to sympathise with the ordinary speaking child, who, when he had just mastered his alphabet, at the same time that he announced his success, expressed some misgiving as to whether it was "worth while to have gone through so much to get so little." But the poor deaf-mute would have to go through far more in learning this alphabet, whilst his gain would seem to be infinitely less. In this system, therefore, it is wisely dispensed with, or rather postponed. After some days, the representations of the various objects are covered with the letters forming their names; and as this makes no sensible change, the pupils are still able to point from the object to its representation, and *vice versa*. Then by degrees the lines of the figure are removed, and the

\* Cours d'Instruction d'un Sourd-muet, 2ème note.

letters only left; and the pupils are made to understand that these letters designate the object quite as efficaciously as did the representation.

By this minute and laborious, yet most secure process, the unfortunate deaf-mutes are brought to that stage in their education which by other children is attained almost unconsciously,—nomenclature. They are thus placed in the path of discovery; they now hail the alphabet as a welcome aid, and seeing their object more clearly, they run to it with eagerness. Their nomenclature is made as extensive as may be, and is pushed far into the vegetable, the mineral, and the animal kingdoms. This occupies, of course, a considerable time; and when they have sufficiently learned the names of existing beings, and conceived just notions of them as individuals, the next and most important step is, to enable them to form purely abstract ideas. When, for instance, a deaf-mute sees the word *man*, he has the idea of a body and soul, constituting this or that individual; he considers the word to be the substitute of this or that particular representation. It is now time to teach him that the word, when abstracted from its individual subjects, designates an idea, and is not the substitute of a representation; in a word, it is now time to generalise his ideas. This is done in a very striking and curious manner. The names of several individuals of the class are written on the board, and *in* each name the general quality is written, thus, *Mch a i r l d y*, *E c s h t i h l e d r*, *A c h g i n l e d s*. The children are made to observe that all these pupils, Mary, Esther, Agnes, differ from one another in name, in height, in complexion, &c., yet that all agree in that peculiarity of size or age which the word *child* designates; and consequently that all claim that common name. The abstraction is then sensibly exhibited, by striking out the letters which form the word *child* in each place where they occur in the middle of the names of the children, and writing the word once distinctly at the bottom, as something which belongs to them all. Moreover, each pair of words is presented to them, as, *Mary child*, *Agnes child*, &c.; and the pupils are asked by natural signs, how many objects each of these pairs designate? If they answer, Two, the words are replaced in their former position, thus, *A c h g i n l e d s*. In this manner the pupils are guarded against that common mistake of deaf-mutes, whereby they consider every distinct word to designate a distinct object. They are now accurately taught the meaning of the genus and the species; figures, or representations corresponding to the subject-matter, being made use of for the imparting of this knowledge, just as in the preceding case.

Upon this same foundation also they are taught to understand the definite and indefinite articles, the plural number, the possessive case, and the personal and possessive pronouns. The reader will recognise at once how all these naturally follow upon the foundation of knowledge once imparted as to abstract or general ideas. So peculiar, however, is the mental condition of the deaf-mute, that the clearest explanations are lost upon him, unless he be obliged himself to give them ; so that the teacher's only security is to oblige his pupil to do every thing ; to induce him to go forward, and never to outstep him for an instant ; for if he neglect this precaution, the pupil is sure to remain behind. Thus also is his attention fixed, and study made agreeable to him.

Having given their pupils a clear and distinct notion of the substantive, our teachers make this their grand starting-point ; this is their vantage-ground, their sure foundation, on which they may confidently proceed to build the language ; for all other words having value only in relation to the substantive, they all gather around this centre. Thus, from the knowledge of the substantive in all its forms, they proceed to a knowledge of its qualities or accidental modifications. Their attention is directed to the admirable variety which forms the chief ornament of nature. Two beings of the same species are presented to them, and they are made to observe their differences ; the substantive, with its modification, is then written thus, *P r a e p d e r*, *P b a l p u e e r*. They are first taught such adjectives as can be perceived by the senses, afterwards such as are intellectual and moral. This gives them a new nomenclature, viz. a nomenclature of qualities ; and this is rendered as extensive as possible, to prevent the painful ignorance so often displayed by deaf-mutes, who stop and stare at words which, in the many years of their education, they have never happened to meet with, but which could present no difficulty to an ordinary child. A nice distinction is also observed in those words which nearly resemble one another, in order that the pupils may be afterwards enabled to use them with perfect accuracy. Moreover, they are at the same time instructed in verbal modifications ; as, for instance, a pupil walks ;—her name, with the modification she assumes, is written, *A w u a g l u k s i t n g a* ; and specimens of active and their corresponding passive modifications, *exemplified in actions*, follow in a natural and easy order. At the same time, it is easy also to teach them that the substantive, or substance, not only assumes different modifications, but different degrees of modification. One pupil is made to walk slowly, another rapidly ; and the attention of the class is directed to the difference of



modification in both; and this difference is expressed on the board thus,

A	w	s	u	a	L	g	l	u	k	s	i	o	t	ng	w	a
	w			a			l		k		i			ng		
		s			L							O			W	

Augusta walking slowly.

M	w	R	a	a	A	r	l	p	t	k	i	h	ing	D	a
	w			a			l			k			ing		
		R			A			P			I			D	

Martha walking rapidly.

Thus they perceive that the adverb is an addition to the modification, and do not mistake it for the name of an object. In the same way—but it would take us too long to specify the precise means—great care is taken to make them understand that the preposition, conjunction, adjective, and tenses designate mere relations.

The relation of time being of such importance demands particular attention. Time is the duration of beings: it commenced with the creation of the world, the sun, the stars, &c.; it is measured by the duration of those beings, and is to end with their destruction. Time for us is merely the relation or correspondence of our temporal existence with the duration of those great beings; and we are said to have lived a longer or shorter time, as our existence has been prolonged or continued to correspond with a greater or smaller portion of their duration. Time is divided by us and made to consist of a vast number of instants passing on in regular succession: we exist during the present instant, the past is gone for ever, the future has not yet come. To give deaf-mutes an exact notion of time, recourse is had, as usual, to something visible and sensible. One pupil is ordered to strike another, and the striker's name is written under a line expressive of futurity; he raises his hand to give the blow, and then, with the utmost rapidity, a pupil at the board begins to write in the striker's name the modification he is about to assume; he has not proceeded far, when, looking round, he perceives the blow has been given, and then, without a moment's delay, he removes the future, substitutes the present, and writes the entire action; in the next instant the first pupil ceases to strike, and the present gives way to the past. At the board all this is done with the rapidity of lightning with a single name and line; but it would be difficult to give any adequate idea of the process by any diagram which we could represent upon paper.

The materials of the language are now fully collected, and it only remains to put them together by the magic power of the verb. This is the great word with whose power they are now made acquainted. It is in itself the enunciation of the judgment. The verb is the word of the mind, the word, *par excellence*, of the language. The verb is our own; all other words are signs of things, or ideas, more or less independent of us; but the verb expresses the free and rational act of the mind; it distinguishes us from irrational animals. No pains are spared, therefore, to give the deaf-mute a just idea of this important word. Here simple and childish mechanism is made to work in subjection to severe philosophy. Red paper is presented to the deaf-mute, and the word *paper* is then written upon the board with the quality, black. By a natural sign he expresses himself not content with such an arrangement; the teacher informs him that his sign of dissent is properly rendered by the word *No*. Next the teacher writes the same word, *paper*, with its proper quality, *red*, and the pupil makes a sign of assent; this is rendered by the word *yes*, and the whole stands thus:

p b a l p a c c r.—No.  
p r a e p d er.—Yes.

The qualities are then abstracted in the usual way; the words *yes* and *no* are made to take the middle places. The letter *y* is next removed, and a slight change in the letter *e* gives the verb *is*, the only pure verb in the language. Similar changes give us *is not*; and when they have been thus thoroughly taught that *yes* and *no* express the action of the mind assenting to, or dissenting from, the agreement of two ideas, they have mastered the construction of a pure sentence, a simple *proposition*. The verb *to be*, uniting itself with the neuter, active, and passive modifications which the pupil has already learned, easily transforms them into neuter, active, and passive verbs; the analysis of the auxiliaries makes known to him the variations of tense and mood, and *his education ends with a far more perfect knowledge of the language than that possessed by ordinary children*. It was impossible to assist at the examination we have referred to during the last summer, without being struck by the *extreme* accuracy of the children's knowledge in this department, which is of course the necessary foundation of all others. We are satisfied that the children whom we saw at St. Mary's, Cabra, would understand a sermon, or any other written composition, far better than nine-tenths of our adult population in full enjoyment of their

senses, and educated in the National schools of the last generation.

We have devoted so much space to an account of the mode of teaching language, that we can only say a very few words upon other subjects. The pupils are taught all the common rules of arithmetic to fractions inclusively; the geography, general and particular, of the earth and its principal parts; the history of the Bible, and as much of Bossuet's *Universal History* as is required to throw light on the sacred volume; the history of England, and an abstract of the histories of Ireland, Scotland, and France; and all these are taught in a peculiar manner, suited to the capacity of deaf-mutes, and calculated to develop their intelligence.

In religion they learn first the existence and nature of the soul. From this inferior spirit they are led to the Great Spirit who created them. From the omnipresence of this Almighty Being they easily learn the morality of actions; then the rules of this morality, viz. the laws of God and His Church. They are made acquainted with the fall of Adam, its consequences, and its reparation in the second Adam, Jesus Christ. Finally, they learn the means of availing themselves of His Blood through the sacraments. Of course, also, they are made familiar with the dignity and privileges of the Virgin Mother, and with the beautiful histories of the Saints; more especially, also, with the mystic meaning of those ceremonies which form the beauty of God's house, and "adorn the place where His glory dwelleth." His earthly parent is silent to the deaf-mute; but his spiritual mother, the Church, speaks to his soul with touching eloquence; and it would be cruel indeed if they were not duly instructed in her language, and made to recognise also the sweet lessons which she so incessantly sets before them.

Such is a brief outline of the system of instruction pursued at St. Mary's, Cabra; and if it is not yet perfect, few will deny that it is at least solid. The teachers, whose zeal and diligence are beyond all praise, tell us that their institution is yet in its infancy; that consequently they do not look for beauty of style in the compositions of their pupils, nor even for complete correctness, but only for that consecutive expression of thought which marks a rational being. They will not, however, consider themselves to have accomplished their task, until they shall have communicated to their pupils a mastery of the pen equal to that which others possess of the tongue. The following is a specimen of what some of their pupils are already able to do in this way. It is the genuine



composition of one of the girls now under their care, and will be read with great interest.

“ DESCRIPTION OF HOW I MADE MY FIRST COMMUNION.

“ My confessor examined me to make my first communion. I answered well; and he told me that I was to make my first communion on St. Peter and Paul's day. I used to study my catechism often, and my instructress used to ask me questions out of it, for fear I should forget what my confessor should ask me, and that he would not let me go to holy communion. When Saturday, the 25th day of June, had come, I examined all the sins of my life for an hour and a half. After supper I went upstairs to a little dormitory with my instructress, and when all the deaf-mutes were in bed, I said my night prayers and went to bed; and on retreat, before I lay down in my bed, I offered my heart and soul to God, and the sleep I was going to take. Then I lay down in my bed and went to sleep. On Sunday morning I got up at half-past six o'clock, and after I had dressed myself, I went to the little dormitory, and said my prayers. After my prayers my instructress came and gave me a lesson out of my catechism to study before mass. At half-past seven I went to mass, and said my prayers for three quarters of an hour. After mass I went to breakfast; and after breakfast I went to the little dormitory again, and examined myself again. After all my examination I sat down on a chair, and looked at pictures for nearly an hour. After I had seen the pictures, I think it was a little after two o'clock. I went to the window and stood looking at the nice field, to let the air to my face, until half-past two. Then I went to dinner; and after dinner I went to the little dormitory, and waited for my instructress to come and tell me what to do. She told me to walk up and down the play-ground for an hour, and to come back at four o'clock. At four o'clock I used to draw pictures of the angels and saints, because the day was Sunday, and it was forbidden to sew. At five o'clock I went to walk up and down a large dormitory, saying my rosary, or reading my prayer-book, thinking of when Jesus Christ would come to me for half an hour. At half-past five I used to be heard my catechism. At six o'clock I used to sit down on a little form and draw pictures. At half-past six I went to my supper, and came back to the little dormitory; then my instructress came and told me to draw pictures on a slate out of the large book for half an hour, and then to say my prayers and go to bed. On Monday I did the same; but I used to sew from twelve o'clock until half-past twelve. I went to confession on Monday, but I did not receive absolution. The priest said he would give me absolution on Tuesday. I went to confession again on Tuesday, and received absolution; and I was told that I should go to holy communion on Wednesday. On Wednesday I wore a white frock and white hood going to holy communion. After communion I was very happy all day, playing with my instructress.”

We cannot conclude our notice of this admirable institution, without finding room for extracts from the address which was read to the assembly on the occasion of the annual examination. It is not, we believe, the uncorrected composition of any of the pupils, like that which we have just given; but, in the main, it was drawn up by some of their number. It tells its own tale with affecting eloquence; and we present it, without note or comment, to our readers.

“Before we came here, there was no one to speak *to us*, and we could speak to *no one*. We were like people *all alone* in the world. We were worse, because we saw others rejoicing at things we could not enjoy. *Their* happiness was *our* misery. We were treated like fools or idiots. We were a misery to our dear parents; they did not know what to do with us. Oh, what a charity you have done in taking us out of that condition, so sad and afflicting! Here we are a little world to ourselves. We can converse with each other like speaking people. We can rejoice together, and make each other happy by our company. We are learning also to converse with others, as you see by our examination; and when we go home, we hope to be almost equal to other people in our education. It is to you, our best friends and benefactors, that we owe such great benefits and advantages.

“Four of our dear companions left us during the year. They write to us sometimes very nice and fond letters. Poor, dear little Agnes Beedem was one of them. She died a short time after she went home; but she was always very good, and she died a happy death. She is, we hope, in heaven, with God and the Blessed Virgin, praying for us her companions, and praying also for you, the friends and benefactors of this institution, which taught her the way to heaven.

“We said we are very happy here. We wish to tell you how we spend our time. We rise at half-past five. We say our morning prayers ten minutes before six. We study from six to half-past seven. We go to mass at half-past seven. We take our breakfast at eight. We recreate ourselves from a quarter before nine until half-past nine. We go to class from half-past nine to half-past eleven. We make a short visit to the Most Holy at half-past eleven, and amuse ourselves then in the play-ground till twelve. We say the Angelus at twelve, then work till half-past twelve. We go to class from half-past twelve to half-past two. We dine at half-past two. Some of us are engaged in domestic occupations from three to four, and others take recreation in the play-ground. We all sew or knit from four to five. We study from five to half-past six. We take our supper at half-past six. Some arrange the house, and others play from ten minutes before seven till a quarter to eight. A quarter to eight we say our night prayers. At eight we go to bed. We go to confession once a month, and those who have made their first communion go on the festivals besides. Twenty-five of

us go to holy communion. Several are in course of preparation for their first communion. Twenty-nine have also been confirmed by the bishop.

“Oh, if we could remain here always, we should be happy to stay! But we must make room for others who are wanting to come into the institution.

“Oh, if the institution were large enough for all the deaf and dumb children in the country! There are, we are told, more than 3000 of us in Ireland alone. We are also told that 400 of these are old enough to be at school, The half of that number, that is 200, are little girls.

“Oh, if they were all here, how glad we would be! how glad the nuns would be! how glad the committee would be! And why are they not here? The kind gentlemen of the committee have not means to support them. Oh, if we could speak, how we would sound in the ears of all charitable people, and of the whole world if we could, the state of misery in which these poor creatures are, and the blessings they would have if they got in amongst us here! You did not know, dearest friends and benefactors, what it was to be deaf and dumb. You do not know the state of misery in which the poor uninstructed deaf-mutes are, because you never were deaf and dumb. They do not, poor creatures, know it themselves. But we know it; *we*, who were what *they* are, and now know the difference; *we* understand the misery of their sad condition.

“We often say to each other, ‘When will the charitable ladies and gentlemen send the two hundred deaf and dumb here, as they sent us?’ How happy we would be if our dear and kind benefactors would enable the good gentlemen of the committee to admit all the deaf and dumb children of Ireland into the institution! God grant we may before long see this accomplished!

“We finish, dearest friends and benefactors, by again thanking you. May God for ever bless you! We shall ever feel it a duty to pray for you; and we hope, through means of that religion which you have taught us, to rejoice with you in the reward of your charity in Heaven.”

#### CELEBRATED VISIONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE vision of La Salette, against which our Protestant neighbours have been so loudly blaspheming, is no new act of watchfulness on the part of our dear Mother, the Blessed Virgin. It is but one in a chain of visions that Catholics believe to have begun in the first century, and to have continued down to our own times. When we say that visions of the Blessed Virgin Mary began in the first age, we are not alluding to the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse. Many arguments, indeed, might be adduced to show that the woman there



spoken of was the Blessed Virgin; but we do not here base any argument on this fact, since many interpreters are of opinion that the Church is meant rather than our Blessed Lady.\* But whilst Mary was still living, she is said to have appeared to St. James at Saragossa in Spain. We take the sober narrative of Suarez;† “It is a received tradition at Saragossa, and throughout all Spain, that when St. James arrived at Saragossa, and was reflecting anxiously on the smallness of the number he had drawn to the true faith, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in her mortal body and comforted him, assuring him that the few disciples that he had gathered together would complete the work which he could not accomplish. For a perpetual remembrance of this favour, a magnificent and much-venerated church was built there. This church was afterwards erected into a collegiate church, endowed with many immunities and apostolical privileges, and called St. Mary of the Pillar (Sta. Maria del Pilar), because in it may be seen the rock or pillar on which the Blessed Virgin Mary, according to the same tradition, trod. This is the primary reason for the great solemnity with which Spain keeps the feast of St. James. For thus the favour is acknowledged that was received on his account, when the Blessed Virgin, before leaving this world, vouchsafed to comfort Spain, to honour it by her presence, and, together with St. James, to take it under her protection.”‡

The paucity of documents regarding the Church during the days of persecution prepares us to expect little on the subject now before us. And yet we have some illustrious instances of the protection of the Blessed Virgin by the extraordinary grace of visions. St. Gregory Nazianzen relates a wonderful instance of the protection of the Blessed Virgin towards the end of the second, or early in the third century. And though he does not mention a vision, yet he seems to allude to one. St. Cyprian the magician, after having collected in his travels every kind of learning in the black art, put all his skill to the test to strive to carry out his evil purposes in regard of the Christian virgin Justina. She feeling herself under the influence of charms, had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, just as Catholics have at present, entreating the Blessed Virgin to protect a virgin in danger. Her prayer was heard; the charms failed. Cyprian renounced his art so powerless against a Christian. He was baptised; and both he and Justina

\* *Cité Mystique de Dieu*, p. i. l. i. c. 8, 9, 10.

† Suarez, *de virtute et statu religionis*, l. ii. c. 9. n. 16, p. 182: ed. Mogunt, 1624.

‡ A more detailed account of this vision is given in the *Acta SS.*, sixth volume of July, pp. 114-124, by Cuper, in the life of St. James the Apostle.

gained the martyr's crown. Their feast is still kept on the 26th of September.\* But a still more illustrious, because more generally felt, instance of our dear Mother's guardianship is related by St. Gregory of Nyssa, in his life of St. Gregory of Neocæsarea, surnamed Thaumaturgus, who died in the third century. We relate the event in the words of St. Gregory of Nyssa.† “Once, when St. Gregory of Neocæsarea had spent the whole night in considering and reasoning on the truths of faith, and had harassed his mind with many reflections (for there were some who even then adulterated the sound doctrine of faith, and by plausible arguments often made the truth uncertain even to learned and prudent men), there appeared to him a human figure. The countenance and person was that of an old man, the dress was that of an illustrious personage, a divine beauty appeared in him, with much gracefulness of countenance and comportment. Alarmed at the sight, he rose from his bed, and inquired who he was, and why he came? When the figure had, in an under tone, calmed the disturbance of his mind, and said that he came to him, in obedience to divine orders, to reveal to his faith and piety the truth, and to dispel all doubts and uncertainties, he took courage, and began to gaze on the figure with joy and veneration. The apparition then directed his attention by pointing to a female figure that stood opposite. The second figure was of a female form, more exquisite than any human being in this life. St. Gregory was again alarmed, and turning away his face, cast down his eyes. With perplexity and doubt he hesitated, for he could not bear to look on the apparition. The night was dark, yet a miraculous light shone on himself and the two figures, as if some bright torch were burning. His eyes could not bear the apparition, yet he heard the conversation that they carried on together concerning the subject of his doubts. Hereby he not only received a true knowledge of the faith, but he also ascertained the names of the two that appeared to him, as they called each other by name. He heard her who appeared as a woman exhort John the Evangelist to expound the mystery of true faith to a young man; and St. John, on the other hand, replied that he would comply with the desire of the Mother of God in this regard. Having then spoken suitably to the question, and clearly defined the truth, the two figures disappeared. St. Gregory immediately committed what he had heard to paper. He preached this doctrine during his life, and at death handed it down as a divine legacy. This copy of the creed (which in the days of St. Gregory was still

\* St. Greg. Naz., Orat. 31, n. 28: ed. Mam. tom. i.

† St. Greg. Nyssa in vita B. Greg. Thaum., tom. iii. p. 545: ed. Paris.

extant) was venerated, and kept the city of Neocæsarea free from heresy."\*

About a century after the vision just related, there was another, whose history has been already recorded in these pages,† and whose memory is still preserved in the Church, by the feast of Sta. Maria ad Nives, on the 4th of August. And towards the end of the fourth century we have the miraculous conversion of St. Mary of Egypt, who, whilst still leading a life of profligacy, went up to Jerusalem with the pilgrims who crowded thither to adore the true cross; but when she attempted to enter the church where the true cross was venerated, she found herself repulsed by an invisible hand. Seeing a picture of the Blessed Virgin in the court, she prostrated herself before it, and promised to change her life if the obstacle were removed. She tried again, and now she entered. She was then admonished by a voice to retire into the desert, and was assured, that if she crossed the Jordan she would be saved. And there is every thing to lead us to believe that she who obtained for her the first grace of entering the church was also the instrument of the second. In the next century St. Cyril of Alexandria, through his zeal for the orthodox faith, had not inserted the name of St. John Chrysostom on the diptychs, owing to some uneasiness concerning the troubles at Constantinople. The Blessed Virgin, however, corrected him in a vision, in which he saw himself expelled from the church by St. John, but the Mother of God entreating that he might be allowed to enter, because he had done much in her honour; whereupon St. John relented, and St. Cyril was allowed to enter. The saint understood the vision, and forthwith inserted the name of St. Chrysostom, and ordered his clergy to do so likewise.‡

After Christianity had begun to spread even amongst the nations that had never bowed to the arms of ancient Rome, records are multiplied, and we have more frequent instances of these visions.§ We will mention one in the history of our own country, which led to the foundation of the famous monastery of Evesham. It will remind our readers, in some of its circumstances, of the vision of La Salette. Brithwald of Glastonbury tells us that the holy Bishop Egwin had placed four shepherds to watch the flocks of God's servants in the wood of Homme. One of these shepherds, called Eves, happened to penetrate into the interior of the wood, when,

\* See the works of St. Gregory Thaum. : Ruffinus.

† See *Rambler*, vol. vi. p. 207.

‡ Acta SS. Jan. 28, in vita St. Cyril Alex.

§ See Dialog. Greg. Magn. lib. iv. c. 8, &c.



behold, there stood before him a most noble lady, accompanied by two others. Her beauty surpassed the beauty of this world, and she seemed to shine brighter than the sun. In her hand she held a book, and with her attendant virgins she sang heavenly hymns. The shepherd, dazzled by the bright vision, was filled with fear; and on his return home he faithfully revealed all that he had seen to the holy bishop. The bishop, reflecting on these things, first gave himself up to prayer and fasting, and then proceeded with three companions, bare-footed and singing psalms, to the place notified to him. There, leaving his companions at a distance, he entered into the thickest parts of the wood, and prostrating himself on the ground, implored his Saviour's mercy. On rising from prayer, three virgins, of the same surpassing brightness as those whom the shepherd had seen, stood before him. The one in the centre was taller and more dazzling than the other two. Fair as the lily, and lovely as the rose, she exhaled a fragrant perfume; she bore in her hands a book and a shining cross of gold. Already the bishop had conjectured that she must be the Mother of God, when, blessing him with the cross, she suddenly disappeared. Egwin's heart overflowed with joy; and after giving thanks, he understood it to be the will of God that this place should be given up to His service, and be dedicated to the Holy Virgin; for he had formerly, on some occasion of trial, made a vow, that if his prayer were heard, he would build a church, and this vow had not yet been fulfilled. He cleared the spot, began and completed the work; and in a letter still extant, he says that he wished all men to know, that he built this monastery at Homme, and chose the site of it, *by an inspiration of the Holy Ghost*, to advance the honour of God and the Blessed Mary ever a Virgin. He then says that King Cœnred gave 80 *mansæ* for the monastery; and this fixes the vision to the first years of the eighth century, probably about the year 708.\*

Somewhat earlier than this was the famous vision of St. Ildephonsus. The saint was favoured with this vision on the feast of the expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, December 18th, 662. On that day, as St. Ildephonsus took his place in the choir, and was about to commence matins, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in the company of many angels, holding in her hand the book that Ildephonsus had lately written to prove her perpetual virginity. After having thanked him

\* See Capgrave in Egwin; Brithwald of Glaston. Alford's Annal. Eccles. Anglo-Sax. vol. ii. p. 457, ad annum 708: ed. Leodii, 1673. The place was thenceforwards called Evesham, whereas before it was known as Homme or Ham.

for his book, she presented him with a splendid white chasuble, in token of her affection, saying at the same time, "as in addition to a firm faith and upright conscience, you have girded your loins and adorned yourself with chastity, and as with all the sweetness of divine grace that has been poured on your lips you have pictured the glory of my virginity in the hearts of the faithful, I give you this vestment, taken from the treasury of my beloved Son, in order that even in this life you may be clothed in glory. Make use of this vestment on feasts of my Son as well as on my own." This chasuble, which is made of very rich and splendid material, was taken, in the year 714, to Astorga, by the Archbishop Urban, lest it should be profaned by the Moors. King Froila built the town of Oviedo afterwards on the same site. Alphonsus the chaste erected a new church, in which the precious relic was placed. A council at Toledo, convened by the Archbishop Gille, orders the feast of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to be kept with much solemnity throughout the diocese in memory of this vision.\*

Another vision which should not be omitted is that with which St. John of Damascus was favoured, about a century later. "St. John Damascene," the author of his life remarks,† "had drawn upon himself the wrath of the emperor, Leo the Isaurian, by the boldness with which he had defended the veneration of images. Accordingly, the emperor, to be revenged on our saint, procured a pretended letter of St. John, in which he was made to promise that he would seize the town of Damascus, of which he was governor. This forgery was sent by the emperor to the Saracen prince of the place. The barbarian, irritated at the treason, ordered the saint's right hand to be cut off; and the order was immediately executed. St. John had recourse to the Blessed Virgin Mary. He obtained from his executioners, after a day's suffering, the severed limb. He then retired and prayed with confidence and simplicity to his Holy Mother. The pain abated, he fell into a sweet slumber, and in his sleep he beheld the Blessed Virgin Mary, who smiled graciously and replaced the hand, after desiring him to use it in defending her Son. The miracle was soon known over the town. The caliph examined the hand, but could perceive no scar, save a red stripe at the place of juncture. St. John was restored to his former dignity, though he soon after renounced the world and retired into the desert." So

\* See Mariana, *Hist. Hispaniæ*, lib. vi.; Joan. Vascens, *Chron. Hisp.* anno 662; Trithemius de script. eccles.; Baron. *Annal.* ad ann. 675; Marina Sicul. de reb. Hisp.; Acta SS. January 23, Vita S. Ildephonsi.

† John, Fourth Patriarch of Jerusalem, apud Bolland. Acta SS. May 6.

far his biographer. We are aware that this life was written about the middle of the 10th century, and that in the former part perhaps uncertain memoirs were used. But at least it is a test of what a Catholic patriarch considered probable in his days,\* and what was generally believed by the faithful of that age. From this time to our own days these visions have continued. We need but mention the Rosary and St. Dominic, St. Simon Stock and the Scapular,† the seven founders of the order of Servites, Albertus Magnus, St. Peter Nolasco, St. Raymond Nonnatus, and the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, September 24th,‡ St. Andrew Corsini,§ St. Gertrude, St. Bridget,|| and St. Ignatius; and we have brought to our minds a long list of visions, which show their fruits both in society in general and in every Catholic individually. Nor will these visions be disregarded as long as religious orders exist in the Church, and pious Catholics retain those emblems of our love for Mary, the Rosary and the Scapular, or keep the feasts appointed by the Church, or frequent some of the greatest Christian temples. Omitting other visions, we will but mention those that have happened in our own days. The Prodigies of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin is a feast kept on the 9th of July, in remembrance of the visions and other wonders wrought at the close of the last century, to strengthen the faithful against the threatened horrors of the anti-Christian revolution. Still nearer to our own times we have the vision called of the miraculous medal, an emblem so dear to Catholics; nor does the vision of La Salette close the series. The miracles of the Madonna of Rimini are still more recent; and not even this is the latest of which we have heard.

We have thus hastily run over a few of the chief visions of the Blessed Virgin, recorded in ecclesiastical history. They bear witness to the belief of the Church in every age, and all agree in certain main features. For in the first place, these visions are always signs of the special care that our dear Mother has for the spiritual advantage of her children; and though the visions may seem in some cases to be for individuals only, yet they ultimately tend to the welfare of the whole Church. Secondly, these visions are confined to no one class in the Church: popes, bishops, priests, monks, virgins, penitents, peasants, each in their turn are visited by Mary. Thirdly, Catholics do not seem to be astonished when they hear of these visions. They are aware, that though they be extraordinary graces, yet that God often grants them, through

\* See Bollandists, May 6th.

† Acta SS. January 23.

|| S. Bridget revel. i. 7, and ii. 26.

‡ Acta SS. May 16.

§ Ibid. February 4.



His infinite mercy, to the souls for whom His only Son once died.

We are well aware that we are far from having exhausted this subject; this it would be impossible to do within the limits of twenty articles; but when a Protestant journal scoffingly asks concerning the vision of La Salette, "If the Virgin Mary was to appear, why did she not do so before the nineteenth century?" we have thought it worth while briefly to point at the answer supplied us by history, viz. that she *has* so appeared in every century of the Christian era.

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### Reviews.

#### SAVONAROLA :—CATHOLICISM IN THE FIFTEENTH AND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[Concluded from p. 356.]

WHEN Savonarola returned to Florence after his eight years' absence, he was received by the Florentines with manifest pleasure. It is said that the change which had taken place in his manner was as surprising as it was agreeable. A remarkable sweetness had spread over his features, and pervaded his preaching and every action of his life. His instructions to the community were usually given in the convent garden, from a small chapel in the centre, and were attended by a vast concourse of people of distinction of all classes.

"At length," (we quote Mr. Madden,) "he was prevailed on by the prior of San Marco, Fra Domingo de Ferrara, to deliver his lectures in the church.

"This was in the middle of the year 1490. Not without agitation and manifest trouble of mind did he ascend the pulpit once more in Florence, and address the largest audience he had ever seen congregated in a church up to that period. He seemed for some minutes to be absorbed in deep and solemn thought; he then proceeded with his discourse, and after another solemn pause, and apparent meditation on things of high importance, he said, calmly and distinctly, 'I will preach in the church to-morrow, and I will continue thus to do for the space of eight years.'

"This was in the middle of 1490; in the spring of 1498 he was put to death. . . . .

"Savonarola made his first appearance in the pulpit of San Marco, after his return to Florence as a preacher, on Sunday, the 1st of August, 1490. His previous appearance there was as a lecturer rather than a pulpit orator. On the occasion above referred

to, he commenced a course of expositions of the Apocalypse, and the numbers of people who flocked to the church were quite unprecedented. There must have been something in the manner, style, and matter of his sermons of no ordinary description, for the city became agitated by the earnest discussions that were entered into in all directions concerning the new preacher and his doctrine.

"At this time, says Burlamacchi,\* there arose great diversity of opinions and contradictions in the city (on the subject of Fra Girolamo's preaching); some saying that he was simple and well-intentioned—some that he was learned, but very designing—many that he gave credence to false and absurd visions, as even it had been said of Christ: 'Quia bonus est, alii autem non, sed seducit turbas.' There were three propositions that he especially enforced and endeavoured to impress on the minds of the people:—

"The first was, that the Church of God had to be renewed—'*renovato*,' and that in our times.

"The second was, that all Italy would be visited by God's wrath—'*flagellato*.'

"The third was, that all the things predicted would speedily come to pass—'*sarebbono presto*.'

"Which things he satisfactorily showed were to be expected by argument and resting on the authority of the holy Scriptures; abstaining then from further reference to visions, the people not appearing much disposed to give credence to them. But, in course of time, observing a better disposition in his audience, he began to disclose some revelations, but in the form of parables and metaphors. Then the exceedingly disturbed and divided state of public opinion becoming daily more manifest, reflection made him apprehensive and timid, and he resolved to preach no more in the same style. But nevertheless, every other subject that he studied or read dissatisfied him, and when he preached on other matters, he became still more discontented with his labours, and finally he felt his being, as it were, a burden to himself. Wherefore, commencing a series of sermons the first day of the Septuagint, 1490, in the church of the D Uomo, in the first week having preached sufficiently on future events, he purposed on the following week to abandon that subject, and to preach on it no more. But throughout the succeeding Saturday, and the night of that day, he could not by any possible efforts apply his mind to other subjects, finding the way to every other consideration closed, and this one alone (of the revelations) open to him.

\* Burlamacchi, the brother in religion and biographer of Savonarola, is one of the chief sources on whom Mr. Madden depends for the details of the life. Of Mr. Madden's work itself we may speak on the whole very favourably, though we cannot assent to all his conclusions and opinions. His notions on "Church and State" undoubtedly require modification. He seems to forget that, practically, the Church has but to choose between alliance with the State and some other *more* perilous alternative. His volumes also would be the better for a little more method, and for some compression. Altogether, however, the work is extremely interesting, and a valuable contribution to the history of the period.

"The morning came, and found him, after the long mental conflict during a sleepless night, wearied in mind and body; and in this state he heard a voice saying to him,—'Foolish man that thou art! Dost thou not see that it is the will of God that thou shouldst preach in the appointed manner?' And thus aroused, he immediately felt restored to himself, and shortly after ascended the pulpit, and preached a most admirable and wonderfully effective sermon."

At this period Florence had fallen completely into the hands of the Medici. Lorenzo de Medici was its master, and he was employing all the energies of his remarkable character in the propagation of those Pagan notions and lax morals, into which the boundless wealth of the middle age had seduced so many Catholics of the 15th century. A Catholic by profession, and very possibly also by faith, though not by works, Lorenzo, with genuine state-craft, loved to *employ* religion for government purposes, and as an instrument in propagating a love for the arts as a worldly luxury, and not as a humble handmaid to revelation. The following incident in his relations with Savonarola will remind our readers of the opening of Lord John Russell's speech on introducing the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," when he attacked Dr. Cullen, then newly appointed to the archbishopric of Armagh, for not paying his respects to the Lord-Lieutenant at Dublin Castle. The identity of the spirit of to-day with that of the 15th century is strikingly confirmed; while we think that few Catholics of sense and candour, however antiquarian in their tastes, would hesitate to admit that it is better to be a Catholic in Dublin under Dr. Cullen, than to be a Florentine in the days of Savonarola and Lorenzo de Medici:

"Savonarola was no sooner made prior of San Marco, than he was informed it was a customary thing with the superiors of all convents in Florence, on their appointment to the office of prior, or head of their respective orders, to make a formal visit to Lorenzo de Medici, as a recognition of his legitimate authority in his capacity of the head of the Republic, and for the purpose of *recommending* to *his protection* their several convents.

"The monk of Ferrara, who began, we are told, at this time to show that he was ambitious, a self-seeker, looking after his own interests more than those of religion, if his character and conduct were rightly understood, ought to have been eager to make his court with the chief of the state,—with him from whom all honour, wealth, and dignities in the republic were to be derived.

"But we learn from Burlamacchi that Fra Girolamo would do none of those things (that he was informed were customary), but retiring as it were within himself, *he rendered thanks to God for*



that which had come to pass, and recommended to divine Providence the convent and himself; of which purpose of his, having informed the brethren, they were very much surprised.

"Hence the brethren of longest standing in the convent waited on him, saying: 'Father Prior, such being the custom in Florence, in accordance with it your reverence ought to make this customary visit of ceremony, otherwise a grave scandal will arise;' to which observations he answered, '*Who has elected me prior—God or Lorenzo?*'

"To which question they replied, '*It was done by God.*' Then he rejoined, '*It is my Lord my God whom I wish to thank, not mortal men.*' And having thus spoken, he immediately arose. Lorenzo, on being apprised of what had taken place, felt much hurt at it, and complained of it to some of his friends, saying, 'A foreign friar is come to take up his abode in my house, and he will not even deign to make a visit to me.' Nevertheless, he did not refrain from trying various means to gain him over, and to have a good understanding with him; and sometimes feigning to come from motives of devotion to hear mass in the church of San Marco, he afterwards walked into the garden of the convent; and on such occasions, when the monks saw him, they used to run to the cell of the prior, and say to him, 'Father Prior, Lorenzo is in the garden, and the usual answer was, 'Has he asked for me?' Then being answered in the negative, he would rejoin, 'Leave him then to walk about at his devotions;' and thus answering, he would remain in his cell.

"It was the custom in the convent, when Lorenzo came there, for the principal brethren and the oldest of them to receive him as he entered the church and the convent, and, as he proceeded through them, to converse with him on such topics as were agreeable to him. But such things the good servant of God never would consent to do. But, on the contrary, he always fled, and avoided, as he would the plague, the familiar acquaintance and conversation with the great of this world—*gli gran maestri*—so that Lorenzo, who most acutely observed all things, remained very much perplexed about these matters. He thought, however, of another way of influencing him, namely, by corrupting him with presents. But even by these means he could not effect his purpose, though he had sent several times to make the offers of them to him."

The accounts given by Burlamacchi, and all the other biographers of Savonarola, show, further, that his own conduct in his monastery was in every respect conformable to the elevated standard of his teaching. He restored the old spirit of poverty and austerity among his brother friars, and promoted regular habits of industry and study, both among the ecclesiastics and the lay brothers. It is said also, that he never appeared to more advantage than when conducting a day of recreation, or when conversing with the novices.

"Often in the evenings, in the convent, he made them sing hymns and psalms with great sweetness and fervour of devotion.

"At other times, when the novices were grouping round him, a circle would be formed by his directions, and one of them would be placed in the midst, and made to represent some saint of pure and holy life, and *laude* were sung in honour of the child Jesus, or the blessed Virgin; and 'the mystery' closed sometimes with the imaginations of the juvenile actors and audience strongly excited, and the exaltation of ideas manifested in rapturous looks, and in reiterated exclamations, full of passionate devotion and tender piety, such as these:—*Giesu dolce! Giesu Signor di Signori! Virgine bella! Casta pia! Madre de Dio! Virgine pieno de misericordia! . . . .*

"When the plague was committing great ravages in Florence, and had even taken off some of the community of San Marco, Fra Girolamo kept his ground, undaunted by the closest contact with the sick—nearly all the other members of the community had fled the convent; but in a letter to one of his brethren, Bechuto, he censures religious people who abandon their flocks in times like these, and who are not disposed to encounter any amount of danger, or even death itself, in the performance of their duties to the sick and the dying.

"Savonarola not only effected the reform of the convents of monks of his order in Florence, but also all the monasteries of nuns of the third Dominican order and in his jurisdiction. We are told in this part of his labours, 'he encountered extraordinary difficulties, not only outside, but within (the monasteries of the nuns), on account of the opposition of the tepid members of religious orders, who endeavoured, with their futile arguments, to confound and embarrass the consciences of others.'"

Still, from the first, a storm muttered around the head of the zealous friar. He made friends in great numbers, including not a few persons distinguished for ability and worldly position; among others, the celebrated John Pico Mirandola, the wonder of the 15th century, who became devoted to Savonarola, and whose nephew afterwards wrote his life and defence. His crafty and defeated opponent, Lorenzo de Medici, was soon called away by death. He saw Savonarola on his death-bed; but the accounts given of Lorenzo's last hours vary considerably. Politian, his protégé, and a follower of Lorenzo in all his ways, represents Lorenzo as telling Savonarola that "he was most firm in his religion, *and that his life had always been conformable to it;*" and that on this the friar gave him his blessing and departed. *Such an account is manifestly false.* Let us now hear Burlamacchi:

"Lorenzo finding himself labouring under a mortal illness, asked for a confessor; and having sent for Don Guido degli An-

gioli, and Father Mariano della Barba, his intimate friend, he said,— ‘I do not wish for either of them; send for the prior of San Marco, for I have found no true monk but him.’ A messenger was then despatched for him, in the name of Lorenzo, to whom he said, ‘Tell Lorenzo it is not I of whom he stands in need, for we are not of accord, and therefore it is not expedient that I should go.’ The servant having returned with this answer, Lorenzo again said to him, ‘Go back to the prior, and tell him to come by all means, for I wish to be in accord with him, and to do all that he will tell me to do.’ The servant returned to San Marco, and having delivered his message, the prior immediately set out for Careggio, the villa of Lorenzo, distant two miles from the city, where he lay sick, and took for his companion an old man, Fra Gregorio, of the Infirmary, to whom, on the road, he revealed that Lorenzo would die of the present illness, and could not escape it. Having arrived at the villa, and entered the apartment of Lorenzo, he saluted him with all due courtesy; and after exchanging a few words, Lorenzo said to him, ‘My father, I wish to make my confession, but three grave offences hold me back, and also cause me to despair.’ Fra Girolamo replied, ‘And what are those offences?’ Then Lorenzo answered, ‘The three offences are these, which I know not if God will pardon me. The first is the sacking of the city of Volterra, which it suffered on account of the promises which I made, and the shocking abuses which many young creatures suffered on that occasion. The second offence is the injustice done to the charitable Monte delle Fanciulle, on account of which many of its inmates have suffered wrong, being obliged to remain there on account of not having received their marriage-portions. The third offence is that committed in the case of the Pazzi, when many innocent persons were put to death.’ To which Fra Girolamo replied: ‘Lorenzo, despair not thus, because God is merciful, and He will even show mercy to you, if you are willing to do three things, which I shall point out to you.’ ‘Tell me then,’ said Lorenzo, ‘what are those three things?’ The father replied: ‘The first thing is, that you should strive to have a great and lively faith and belief that God can and wishes to pardon you.’ To which Lorenzo answered, ‘This great faith I have, and thus do I believe.’ ‘Then,’ added the father, ‘it is necessary that every thing wrongfully acquired should be restored by you as far as it is possible, leaving to your children such substance as may be fitting for the decent maintenance of private citizens.’ At these words Lorenzo was roused a little, but after a short while he said, ‘And even this will I do.’ The father then proceeded to repeat the third thing he had spoken of: ‘*Lastly, it is necessary that you make restitution to Florence of her liberty, and to the state of the popular rule that belongs to a republic.*’ At these words Lorenzo turned his back to the speaker, and never made other answer to him. Therefore, the father went away, and left him without making any other confession; and after some time, Lorenzo departed this life, and passed to another.”



We now approach the more painful part of Savonarola's career. He relates that he had a vision, in which he saw a hand projecting from the heavens holding a sword, with this inscription, "*The sword of the Lord upon the earth, soon and sudden.*" Savonarola's apologists consider that this vision was fulfilled, among other events, by the elevation to the pontificate of Alexander VI., the worst pope, personally, who ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. His career, though no doubt blackened more than it deserves by the bitterness of foes, furnishes one of those awful scenes in the annals of the Church, which happily are rarely paralleled in the history of those who have borne authority within her. It is enough here to repeat the fact, that the names of two of Alexander's five illegitimate children, Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia, especially the former, are associated with crimes scarcely, if ever, exceeded in the records of history, sacred or profane. Lucretia, indeed, seems to have been to a great extent reformed in the latter part of her life.

On the right mode of viewing these terrible scandals, Mr. Madden has some remarks which deserve quoting:

"If the fate of constitutional governments depended on the virtues of the sovereigns who were the chief magistrates of them, England's constitution could hardly have survived her second Charles; or if it tided over his debaucheries, and happily escaped being stranded in the reigns of the first and second George, it must have suffered the most serious damage, or have been utterly destroyed, by the vices of the fourth monarch of that name.

"The Christian republic and the preservation of the Roman Catholic Church depend still less than any other state on the character of the chiefs of religion, or of its ministers, for the promise of Christ to sustain it to the end of time, is held by Catholics to be a sure guarantee for its preservation.

"It is very remarkable, that, with all the evil dispositions of Alexander the Sixth, all the crimes committed by him against morality, and justice, and humanity, no doctrine was ever propounded by him, or article of faith put forth, that was contrary to the established tenets of his Church.

"The alleged or real abuses of papal power,' says Bishop Kenrick, 'form no just ground of objection to this admission, since every divine institution is liable to be abused by human frailty.'

"Up to the present time there have been two hundred and fifty-eight Pontiffs; of this number some have been bad men, one of them peculiarly depraved and scandalously profligate; but for one bad man who has sat on the papal throne who has been unfaithful to his vows, and unworthy of his office, more than ten good men will be found to have filled the chair of St. Peter, true and faithful pastors;—men eminent for holiness of life, and distinguished either

for learning, great intellectual power, or ability in the discharge of the duties of their high office.

"The thrones of other princes can furnish no dynasties comparable to the line of Pontiffs, in piety, virtue, ability, or goodness."

It is also to be observed, that with all Alexander's excesses, there are proofs that he never *altogether* ceased to do homage to what he knew to be the cause of God. Scandalous as was his own conduct, he gave much of his confidence, *in his pontifical acts*, to the austere and reforming Cardinal Caraffa, the Theatine, afterwards Pope Paul IV. The following incident shows how affairs were carried on under such a Pontiff:

"In 1493 Savonarola occupied himself exclusively for a considerable time with the reform of his Order, especially of his own convent. He sent two of the most able theologians of his brethren, Fra P. A. Rinuccini, a Florentine, and Fra Domenico (Bonviccini), of Pescia, to the Pope, Alexander the Sixth, to endeavour to get the sanction of his Holiness for the proposed reform.

"One of the principal objects sought for was permission for San Marco, and some other Dominican convents, to erect themselves into a separate congregation, including only natives in its communities, leaving to the Dominican province the other convents of the Order, but earnestly seeking to be separated from the jurisdiction of the Lombard Congregation.

"The Lombard Congregation sent agents to Rome to oppose the application. Princes and prelates, cardinals and ambassadors, threw themselves into the contention which this subject had occasioned. The Cardinal Caraffa, general of the Dominican Order, then much in the confidence of the Pope, had long urged in vain on Alexander the suit of Fra Girolamo. On one occasion, when the capricious Pontiff refused to attend a consistory, and dismissed the assembled cardinals, Cardinal Caraffa, using the great freedom which the familiar nature of these terms of intercourse permitted, took the ring off the Pope's finger, and signed and sealed the long-prepared brief of separation for the Florentine Dominicans, after having fruitlessly pressed his Holiness for its ratification. Then we are told the Holy Father seemed not to be conscious of the matter, or rather to connive at an act which interested him very little.

"Those who are familiar with Burchard's Diary will be reminded of many simulated slumberings and syncopes of the Pontiff, at various ceremonies, on important occasions.

"When the cardinal put *the duly executed brief* in the hands of Fra Girolamo's agents, he said to them, 'Lose no time in carrying out the good work you have proposed, *for it is only by the goodness of God I obtained this brief.*'"

It is also perfectly clear that had Savonarola united to his

other rare merits the virtue of self-sacrifice, or even that of prudence, it is probable that he would have lived to effect reforms, not merely of the most striking, but of the most extensive and enduring character. Burlamacchi mentions, as a proof of his humility, that he refused the archbishopric of Florence, and two opportunities of obtaining a cardinal's hat. The cardinalate was, indeed, actually offered him by Alexander VI., on condition of his abstaining from preaching of future events, and of retracting some things he had said. This offer he believed to be a bribe, nor can he be blamed for declining it. To a man of Savonarola's character and position, however, there is little sacrifice in declining rank and administrative power. The reality of power was his already. The true test of humble self-annihilation is applied to a zealous, pious, mortified man, who has been employed by God in the glorious work of the gospel, when those, whose official authority he is *bound* to obey, unjustly or unwisely command him to stay his labours for religion. Then comes the trial of the depths of the conscience. Then the true *saint* will say, "Who am I, that God should *have need* of me?"

In 1494 Savonarola began to preach incessantly on the coming of some conqueror from without upon Italy, and Florence in particular. In the same year Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy. His progress was a triumph, accompanied with ravages upon the people through whom he passed. Before this, Cardinal della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II., had been in correspondence with Charles, with a view to the removal of Alexander from the papal throne, the calling a general council, and the reform of abuses. Savonarola afterwards communicated with the French king on the same subjects, and his correspondence coming to the Pope's ears, naturally quickened his feelings of dislike to the reforming friar.

On Charles's arrival at Florence, the Medici were overthrown, and the republic professedly was re-established. The French quietly took possession of the city, and it soon was known to the citizens that Florence would be one day given up to be sacked by the ferocious soldiery. It was saved by Savonarola. The story is a glorious one. It shows what a priest of Jesus Christ *can* do, without overstepping the most rigid limits of his vocation. Within two hours of the time appointed for the horrors of the pillage to commence, the city council learnt the news from a hidden friend. Stricken with terror, they sat wringing their hands and weeping, till some one cried, "Go to the servant of God, Fra Girolamo! Go to the servant of God, Fra Girolamo!" Instantly a deputation



hurried to Savonarola at San Marco, and found him and all his brethren assembled in the choir at prayer.

“When Savonarola, says Burlamacchi, was informed of the cause of the visit to him, he said to the brethren, ‘My children, after refreshment, come back to the choir, and persist in prayer till I return.’

“Having taken for his companion Fra T. Busini, he proceeded immediately to the palace of the Medici, where the king lodged, and having arrived at the entrance of the palace, he encountered the first sentinel, who said to him, ‘Where are you going? go back; you cannot enter here, nor have an audience.’

“The barons who were about the king had directed that no one should enter, in order that their designs might not be interrupted. The father, then seeing that it was impossible to gain admission, and that the time was spent in vain, quickly returned to the convent, and gave himself up, with great fervour and concentration of spirit, to prayer. After some time, he felt himself inwardly illuminated, and with the ears of the heart he heard a voice, saying: ‘Return! return! you shall enter.’ Turning to his companion (the friar), he said, ‘Let us go back to the palace, for there I have to confer with the king.’ The citizens who were present wondered very much at this. They returned with him to the palace where the king was. The father advanced to the entrance alone; he was at once admitted, and quickly passing the second and third sentinel, he was conducted before the king, who was in his chamber all armed, ready to put in execution his most nefarious design. When he observed the servant of God, he looked at him for a little, and, according to the custom of the kings of France, he rose up to salute him. The servant of God took a small crucifix, which he always carried about with him, and advancing, he held it up to the lips of the king, saying, ‘This represents the Christ who made heaven and earth; respect not me, but respect Him. He is the King of kings, the Lord of lords, who causes the earth to tremble, and gives victory to princes, according to His pleasure and His justice. He punishes and brings ruin on impious and unjust kings, and will destroy you and all your army, if you do not desist from such cruelty as you meditate, and abandon the design you have formed against this city. Otherwise, there being in this city so many friends and servants of God, and so many innocent souls night and day engaged in praising His majesty, their cries will ascend to the throne of God, and confusion and destruction will fall on all your army. Do you not know that it is of small moment with God whether He is victorious over a few or over many? Do you not remember what He did with Sennacherib, that most proud king of Assyria? Remember, that while Moses continued praying to the Lord, Joshua and the people triumphed over their enemies. So will it be with you, who, by your pride, are brought to covet that which is not yours. Let it suffice you to have the

hearts of the Florentines. Leave, then, your most cruel and impious purpose, meditated against an innocent and most faithful people.'

"Thus spoke the father to the king, putting much fear into his heart, menacing him with retribution on the part of God, and still holding the crucifix in his hand. And with such ardour and efficacy did he speak, that those present were filled with dread. The king, with his ministers, began to weep.

"Then the father took the king by the hand, and said to him: 'Know, sacred majesty, that the will of God is, that you depart from this city, without making any change in its affairs; otherwise you, with your army, will lose your lives here.'

"'The spirit of God,' observes Burlamacchi, 'manifested itself in a striking manner in the aspect and manner of Fra Girolamo: when he was mirthful and lively, it appeared as if every thing in nature smiled around him, and Paradise unfolded all its beauties and its blessings.'

"But, on the other hand, '*when he was disturbed in mind, his mien was that of a man who could make all the world tremble.*'"

In the end an honourable treaty was concluded, and Florence remained free.

Savonarola's next political step was (as we think) of a very questionable tendency. What those who blame him would have done in those days is another question. We judge his prudence by the result, and by the light of four centuries of political experience. He took a prominent part in the re-establishment of the Florentine government, advocating the erection of a constitution which proved practically a total failure. That, like every other individual, he had abstractedly a right to labour for the success of the political views which he considered the most sound, is not to be denied. But that his influence as a priest and a preacher would be damaged by the mere fact that he interfered at all, could scarcely be doubted. He had enemies enough without creating a host of personally political foes. It is clear, moreover, that his judgment on all such matters was warped by a certain tendency to imagine that it was the will of God that the political views of the more religious party should prevail; an error, we think, not uncommon with zealous persons, but unwarrantable and deeply tinged with *fanaticism*. In fact, through the whole of Savonarola's public career indications appear of this perilous tendency in his mind. He does not seem to have grasped the great truth, which is a sheet-anchor to the true Catholic reformer, that while what is morally wrong can never be morally right or practically expedient, what is morally right and abstractedly lawful may be practically, and, in certain circumstances, not merely inexpedient but absolutely wrong. On this rock he

ultimately made shipwreck. He knew that it is morally right that a Dominican friar should denounce sin and preach the gospel; but he could not see that it is not morally desirable or right that *every* Dominican friar should *always* do it and under *all* circumstances. Thus easily does the zealous man degenerate into the fanatical.

It is, moreover, the manifest existence of this tendency in Savonarola's character which causes us to receive the statements of his prophetic claims with considerable suspicion. That he was sincere we do not doubt; that what he foretold often came true, is also clear; but that he foretold any thing which was not already probable in the eyes of any deep-thinking, earnest, and acute mind, observant of the social, spiritual, and political facts of the time, we think has yet to be shown. One exception, indeed, must be made in favour of the following, as related by Burlamacchi, on which we express no opinion.

“When preaching in San Marco on the Apocalypse, and making an exposition of that part in which death is spoken of as mounted on a pale horse, an artist who was present took a sketch of him, and had it engraved on copper, with the view of printing from it. When he showed it to Fra Girolamo, the father said—‘Nothing is wanting but three martyrs suspended in their shirts from a cross, which you had better put there.’ ‘And the artist did so,’ says Burlamacchi; ‘and I remember that many persons had impressions of it.’ ‘*And in this manner,*’ continues Burlamacchi, ‘*I saw him hanged in the Piazza de Signori, as by his own instruction to the artist he had been previously drawn and represented.*’”

To the irritation produced by his political partisanship was added a continually increasing hatred on the part of the usurers of Florence, whose iniquities he unsparingly denounced, and of the whole pagan, worldly, lax, and immoral multitude, against whose sins he preached. A kind of authoritative sanction was also lent to these passions by the attacks on Savonarola and the Dominicans by the less spiritual of the clergy and religious orders, especially of the Florentine Franciscans, who pursued him with undisguised and rancorous hostility.

Still, for some time his reforming progress continued with wonderful and happy results. No subject of human thought escaped his keen eye and accomplished mind. Literature and the arts especially he sought to purify, exposing with vigorous hand the scandalous grossness of the prevailing conceptions of artists calling themselves Catholic, and urging the necessity of making the education of the young thoroughly Christian. The scandals of painting in Florence were then frightful. The saints themselves were not safe from the indelicate representa-



tions of a sensual age. In the churches the Blessed Virgin was painted scarcely clad with decency; and women of worse than doubtful character were the models from whom artists drew the saints. In private houses the evil was even more rampant. In the midst of this corruption Savonarola actually formed a school of pure-minded and accomplished painters and sculptors, of whom Fra Bartolommeo, an artist who ranks, even in the world's estimation, as scarcely inferior to Raffaele, was the most distinguished.

He further revived an old medieval custom, which probably was of still earlier date, but which was falling into neglect in the fifteenth century—the practice of singing what were called *laude spirituali* in the churches. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the singing of these spiritual compositions was greatly in vogue, and constituted a very important adjunct to the religious civilisation of the time. They are, in fact, the earliest form of the modern “*oratorio*,” a species of musical entertainment (to use a not very expressive word) which St. Philip Neri long afterwards turned to valuable account in Rome, and which we trust to see some day once more in vogue in England, not in its gigantic and *secularised* form as now in use in the world, but as a devout recreation for the Catholic multitude in churches and chapels.

In the matter of education, the hand of reform was as much needed as in art.

“‘The masters,’ says Rio, in his work on Christian Poetry, ‘to whom the public education was intrusted, imparted generally instruction that conveyed poison to the minds of youth, systematically turning their admiration towards the fables of Grecian mythology, or towards the heroes of ancient republics, and did not suffer them even to suspect that Christianity had also its heroes, which surpassed them all. Still more, they chose amongst profane works those which had a more particularly corrupting influence at once over the mind and morals of youths. And, notwithstanding all that contemporary historians have said of the corruption of that age, it is yet surprising to find among the books of which Savonarola openly demanded the suppression in the schools, the works of Tibullus and Catullus, so licentious in their nature, and even Ovid’s *Art of Love*, which, however, may pass as an edifying work in comparison to another collection of poems, of which the title alone reveals all its infamy, and against which the sainted preacher formally demanded an edict of proscription.’”

Without assenting to M. Rio’s application of the word “sainted” to the preacher, we at least cordially sympathise in his efforts to suppress educational abominations unheard of in Catholic seminaries in modern times. What should we say

now, were we to hear of *Don Juan* or *Little's* (Moore's) *Poems* as class-books in a Catholic school?

How astonishing was Savonarola's influence will readily be believed when we read of the scene that was to be beheld in Florence in 1497 at the commencement of the carnival.

"He had a large platform erected, says Burlamacchi, in the Piazza de Signori, with a kind of pagoda, of a pyramidal form, fitted up with shelves or steps; on these were deposited all the objects of vanity and of licentiousness which had been collected by the children in the city. In the centre were placed various combustible materials. On one of the lower shelves were placed tapestries with indecent figures. On another, portraits of females and nude figures, and other representations that were deemed objectionable, though executed by artists of great eminence. On another shelf were placed cards, dice, and such like things used in gaming. Then, on another were laid various instruments of music—cymbals, lutes, and guitars. Then, on another shelf were placed a variety of female ornaments, perfumes, and cosmetics. The works of licentious writers, and especially of poets like Morganti, occupied another shelf. There was an abundant supply also of masques, false hair, theatrical and carnival dresses, and mummeries of various kinds. But there were objects, likewise, in the collection of vanities, of great value in ivory and alabaster, for which a merchant had in vain offered twenty thousand crowns to the Signori.

"Amidst the ringing of bells, the sounds of music, the shouts of a multitude of young people especially, exulting at the spectacle, in a state of enthusiasm almost indescribable, the pyramidal pagoda of vanities was set on fire, and nothing was left of them in a few minutes but ashes."

Before this time Savonarola had been cited to appear before the Pope. And we cannot but observe, that from this first citation Savonarola placed himself in a wrong position with respect to the Holy See. That something may be said in palliation of this and of his subsequent conduct, we think can scarcely be denied by any one who would fulfil the functions of the judicial critic rather than of the pre-engaged advocate. He was possessed with the notion that Alexander was insincere in his professions towards him, and that it would be absurd to place any confidence in his declaration of approbation of his zeal. He did not believe that a *man* like Alexander could be compelled by a divine influence as *Pope* to acquiesce in, much less applaud, such a reformation as was being carried on in Florence. Further, in those days the precise degree of obedience due to each form of mandate from the Holy See was not to be so easily ascertained by every conscientious person as it is now. Much as we dislike and condemn

the theory of Gallicanism and its modifications, candour and charity compel us to admit that it has, in most ages, found a certain number (though a small one) of persons eminent for piety, learning, zeal, and orthodoxy, in all other respects. Conceiving it to be (as we do) fundamentally inconsistent with the first principles of Catholicism,—we allow that it has had many respectable supporters, who, though they would not actually justify Savonarola's proceedings, would yet to a great extent excuse them. For ourselves, we think them utterly inexcusable, though we make allowance for the feelings under which he and others acted.

The first mandate from the Pope was couched in the most friendly terms, applauding Savonarola's zeal and activity, but desiring him to come to Rome to confer with the Pope on the subject of his professed revelations. He replied submissively, declaring his fidelity to the See of Peter, but pleading an illness under which he suffered as a reason for not leaving Florence.

Some time after he received a stronger animadversion on his writings and sermons. At the end of 1495 he was forbidden to preach in public. The Florentine government appealed to the Pope, representing the injury that would be done to religion, and the prohibition was conditionally withdrawn. He then resumed preaching with more vigour than ever against ecclesiastical abuses, and after a few months the prohibition was enforced. Whether he was justified or prudent in selecting such a time for such a topic, and whether his manner of attacking evils was needlessly irritating, we are not discussing. For a time he obeyed the Papal mandate; but at last, in October 1496, at the solicitations of a large number of the Florentine people, he recommenced his sermons.

“About the same time,” says his biographer, “he preached a very remarkable sermon, denouncing the disorders that existed among all classes, even the highest in the state and in the Church; and the discourse was taken down by some person present, with great exactness, and transmitted to the Pope Alexander the Sixth. His Holiness sent for a certain prelate of the Dominican order, a man of great learning, put the sermon into his hands, and told him to answer the complaints that were set forth in it, and to refute his assertions.

“The prelate replied: ‘Holy father, I will do it; but I am in need of the arms that are necessary to answer this friar, and to overcome his arguments.’

“The Pope asked, ‘What arms did he require?’ The bishop answered: ‘This friar says it is forbidden to be licentious, and to commit the crime of simony. And he speaks the truth. What can I say to this?’ ‘But,’ rejoined the Pope, ‘what has he to do with these things?’ The bishop then said to his Holiness: ‘Bestow



preferment on him, and make him your friend ; honour him with a red hat, in order that he may leave off prophesying, and that people may then ridicule what he said before.' This council pleased the Pope, and he conferred immediately with the head of the order (in Rome), and sent to Florence Master Lodovico da Ferrara, an excellent person, master of the sacred palace, with an order, that first he should dispute with Fra Girolamo, and then, if he could not vanquish him (in argument), to offer him, on the part of his Holiness, the cardinal's hat, provided he abstained from prophesying. And so it was done ; for the said Father Lodovico came directly to Florence, and straight went to hear a sermon of Fra Girolamo. There it pleased God that he should be recognised by a Florentine merchant, who had known him in Rome in his spiritual capacity. The merchant immediately acquainted Fra Girolamo with the fact of having seen the master of the sacred palace of his Holiness at his sermon. On learning this, Fra Girolamo sent to invite Father Lodovico to his convent ; there he received him with great benig- nity, and they entered into discussions which lasted three days.

" The master of the sacred palace, finding he could not prevail in argument, said to him at length : ' It has pleased his Holiness, having been informed of your virtue and wisdom, to desire to elevate you to the dignity of the office of a cardinal, provided you proceed no further with revelations of future events.' To which Fra Girolamo replied : ' The Lord save me from it ! the Lord save me from it—(*Dio me ne guardi ! Dio me ne guardi !*)—that I should resign the legation and the embassy of my Lord ! But come to-morrow to the sermon, and I shall answer in the face of all.'

" We hear nothing of the reply, or the amazement of the master of the sacred palace at the refusal of such an offer. But we are told, the next day, that Fra Girolamo mounted the pulpit with some vehemence, that denoted his spirit was moved, and the exaltation of it was apparently due to some divine impulse. He made a brief summary of the evils he had denounced, of the judgments he had predicted in his previous sermons, and, when he had finished the rapid sketch, he pronounced those solemn words in allusion to the proffered dignity of cardinal : '*I wish no other red hat than that of the martyr's blood-stained crown.*'—'*Io non voglio altro capello rosso che quello del martirio rubricato del proprio sangue.*'

" The master of the sacred palace returned to Rome, and related all that he had seen in San Marco, and heard in its pulpit, to the pontiff."

In all this we confess we see little to admire and much to condemn. What would have been the issue had he obeyed, it is vain to speculate ; but as a matter of fact, Savonarola had himself to thank for all he afterwards suffered, and for the breaking up of the real and wonderful good results he had accomplished in Florence. All this time, moreover, he was pursued with the jealousy, malice, and revenge of those whom

he had, some rightly and some wrongly, exasperated in his career; and his conduct was infamously misrepresented to the Pontiff. His disobedience continuing, he was at length formally excommunicated. Still the excitement in Florence waxed fiercer and fiercer, and rose to its height, when a Franciscan friar challenged Savonarola and the Dominicans to the ordeal by fire. Savonarola unwillingly, it seems, yielded to the demand, in which he was, in fact, involved by the eagerness of some of the Dominicans to accept the challenge. The government applied to Rome, to ask if it was lawful, and received an answer that *it was not lawful*. Savonarola's enemies, however, could disobey as readily as he could, when it suited their interests, and they forced on the terrible trial. The result is so curious an illustration of the manners of the times, that we give the details at length:

"In the middle of the square there was a platform constructed, about four *braccia* from the ground, on which was placed a quantity of earth, in order that the platform might not be set on fire. On this there was a very long pile of wood, of a sort easily ignited. In this pile there was much pitch, there were many greasy substances and also gunpowder—*polvere de bombarde*—in order that it might burn all the better. In the middle of the pile there was a passage, through which those could pass who made the experiment of the ordeal, when the wood was set on fire.

"Fra Girolamo, and his community and followers, on their arrival in the Piazza, were assigned a part of the gallery prepared for the Signoria, with a partition in that portion of it separating the accommodations for the Franciscans from that allotted to the Dominicans. Each party had a small altar in the place prepared for them. When Savonarola entered that set apart for the Dominicans, he deposited the reliquary, with the sacrament, immediately on the altar, and kneeling down, remained for a length of time in earnest prayer. Fra Domenico remained kneeling before the blessed sacrament. The Franciscans, on the other hand, kept walking about here and there in their lodge, *passandosi tempo*.

"'The Franciscan, Fra Giulano Rondinelli, the friar who was to have entered the fire, never made his appearance; from which we may imagine what kind of desire he had to make the trial. Neither did Fra Francisco de Pulia even show himself, although some said he was in the palace at the time.'

"On the appearance of Fra Girolamo in the Piazza, the people were much affected, tears were abundantly shed, and sighs and groans poured forth; and it is said that even some of his adversaries were seen to weep.

"During the preparations it began to rain very heavily, and this circumstance was looked on as a presage that it was not the will of God the trial should take place. The rain, however, did not last long.

"The Franciscans during this time were not idle. They began to cavil with the mode of making the experiment. They objected to Fra Domenico entering the fire with his clothes, alleging that his garments might be enchanted, and thus secure the wearer against the fire.

"When the unreasonableness of this objection was pointed out, they waived it in part, and consented that Fra Domenico should enter with a Franciscan friar, but without his habit.

"This he refused to do, saying he was a Dominican, and would not abandon the habit of his order.

"This discussion went on for a considerable time. At length Fra Girolamo said that this trifling was only to consume time and to weary out the people, and that the Franciscans knew well there was not time then to prepare other habits.

"He then proposed that Fra Domenico should change his habits with any other member of the order present. And the commissaries of the Signoria thought the offer a very fair one, and eventually the Franciscans agreed to it.

"When Fra Domenico was brought into the palace to change his habit, the Franciscans, who accompanied him, insisted that, before putting on the other habit, he should *remove the whole of his apparel*, in order that they might be assured he had no amulets or objects to procure enchantment on his person, which scandalous proposal was indignantly rejected.

"On the return of the parties to the lodges, the commissaries stated the Franciscans had raised a new objection: they would not consent that Fra Domenico should enter the fire with the crucifix.

"To which objection he answered: 'This is not just, for we, being soldiers of Christ, and combating for Christ, wish to enter the fire with the symbol of Christianity.'

"But his faith was so great, that he would have entered the fire without any symbol, or even the blessed sacrament, were it not that Fra Silvestro Maruffi had declared it had been revealed to him that the trial should not be made by the Dominicans without the sacrament.

"The commissaries returned to the Signoria, and reported every thing that had passed.

"Some Franciscans who were present began to exclaim: 'It was impossible to allow the sacrament to be borne by those who entered the fire.'

"In fact, it had been previously concerted, says Burlamacchi, between the Franciscans and the leaders of the lay adversaries of Fra Girolamo, at an entertainment given only three days previously at the Pitti palace, that the Franciscans should not make the trial at all, and all that was necessary was, that Fra Girolamo and his community should be brought to the Piazza, and that Fra Domenico should be induced to enter the fire alone, he being deemed by the faction the *Fattoraccio*, the author of the proposed trial.

"It now became manifest that there was no serious intention on



the part of the Franciscans to venture on the trial, but solely a purpose to protract discussions about arrangements, and to tire the patience of the people.

"The commissaries returned to the lodges, and one of them said to Fra Girolamo, 'The Franciscans are raising so many objections, that it is impossible to satisfy them. It may be truly said, that, on your part, there has been nothing wanting for carrying the experiment into execution. The failure has been on theirs.'

"It was now near the hour of vespers, and the Dominicans were still at their post, waiting for the Franciscans to enter on the trial, when the Signoria sent word to Fra Girolamo that they were about to depart. To which he replied, that 'he hoped the Signoria would not fly in the face of God.'

"Another message of a similar kind was then brought to him, to which he replied, that it would not be possible for them to restrain the people.

"The Signoria then sent a strong guard to protect them, and in the midst of this force the Dominicans were conducted to their convent through an enraged populace, disappointed at not enjoying a great spectacle."

Then followed a scene which we recommend to the candid study of every Catholic who unduly mourns over his trials in these later days. Who that has mused on the past, beneath the shadow of that beautiful monument of ancient skill, the tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, and yielded himself to the calm, delightful repose which the contemplation of its lofty grace produces in the mind, will not be amazed to read of such events as we are about to relate, taking place *at the very time* that the foundations of that noble tower were rising from the ground?

On the Sunday following the day of the ordeal, the faction always opposed to Savonarola assaulted the Dominican convent of San Marco. The streets leading to it were occupied, and the attack began with a shower of stones while the friars were at vespers. A layman coming out was cut to the ground by a sword. The friars gathered before the Blessed Sacrament to pray. Soon after sunset a messenger was sent to obtain aid from without: he was discovered and murdered, his house was attacked and pillaged, and his wife and nephew slain.

"The rabble were reinforced after the second hour of the night by a second band of marauders, evidently under the orders of some leaders in a conspiracy against the father. This band held a parley with the inmates, and called on the laymen who still remained in the convent to leave it on pain of instant death, and with threats of ruin on their families.

"Some more of the alarmed secular friends of the monks then

abandoned San Marco, and very few of the laity were left within its walls. Fire was now applied to the doors of the convent and the church, and after some time, in spite of all resistance on the part of the inmates, an entrance was effected by this furious rabble, and much blood was shed as they rushed on through the cloisters, shouting and shrieking, and fiercely assailing every person they met, layman or religious, and sacking every place through which they passed, where any thing was to be plundered or destroyed, even the infirmary of the convent. A portion of them now reached the choir of the church, where Fra Girolamo and some of the monks were in prayer.

"No sooner did the father hear them at the door than he bade them enter; and on their rushing forward, he calmly asked them what they wanted, and even reproached them for the great tumult they were the cause of. Some of the assailants were so much struck with the sight of these religious men, in the midst of such tumults and terrors quietly engaged in prayer, that they became paralysed, and incapable of offering any violence to them. Some of the young monks observing the impression made on their assailants, managed to get between them and the door, and by a well-executed movement, rushing on them, seized their arms, and made prisoners of them. They then conducted them to the belfry, and locked them up there, giving to each a small cross, and making him cry out as he received it, *Viva Gesù Christo!* One of the novices, named Marco Gondi (afterwards a father of some distinction in his order), standing above the door of the choir, as the adversaries were about entering the choir, kept back a party with drawn swords, armed with a wooden crucifix, which he ultimately broke, inflicting a blow on the face of one of his assailants. Another novice, named G. Maria Petrucci, a young man of great courage, very robust frame, and a remarkably comely appearance—*essendo vestito da angelo*—maintained a prolonged struggle with the rabble, who occupied that part of the convent between the choir and the sacristy of the church. He broke the lance of one of them with a blow of a torch, and passed more than once through the thickest of them without receiving a single wound, bravely fighting—*gagliardamente si' combattera*.

"And finally the enemy was put to flight from the choir and its precincts by the monks, with the few arms they could lay their hands on. Fra Nicolo Bileotti with a small crucifix knocked an eye out of Jacopo de Nerli. His companions of San Marco laid about them with lighted torches, and several of the assailants were knocked down and disarmed, but at the same time were treated with great clemency, and even kindness, and solicited to abstain from leaguings themselves any more with the enemies of God and of religion. Those of the community who were mortally wounded were carried to the church, and there, giving praise to the Almighty, breathed out their souls; while those of the assailants likewise mortally wounded, died with blasphemies on their lips. One young

man, a friend of Fra Girolamo, having received a deadly hurt, was carried to the choir, and was borne to the high altar, where he was laid on the steps. The dying young man begged of the surrounding friars that he might be afforded the consolations of religion. He was left alone for a little time with one of the brethren, received the blessed Sacrament, and died blessing God for the great contentment he experienced in the happy death he met with in defence of religion and its ministers.

“The assailants finding they could not effect an entrance at the choir, betook themselves to the principal entrance of the church, and there set fire to the doors. On gaining admission into the church, they commenced spoiling, destroying, and laying all around them in ruins. From the church they now attempted to get possession of the choir; but a German, named Herico, who guarded the entrance, rushed forth, mounted the pulpit, armed with an arquebuss, and opened a fire on the multitude of marauders in the church, killing many of them, crying out each time he fired, ‘*Salvem fac populum tuum Domine, et benedic hereditati tuæ.*’ Amongst those he killed, was one of the *bravos* of the assailants, named Bottaino. This Herico was a man of such courage, that he rushed through the enemy to provide himself with the arquebuss, and returned with it through the same multitude, without receiving any injury. The church was now so filled with smoke, that the friars could hardly bear to remain in the choir, where they were still stationed before the holy Sacrament. . . . .

“The multitude outside the convent was continually increasing, and at length artillery was brought and planted in various places round the walls, with the intention of utterly demolishing the whole structure. Fra Girolamo, on hearing this, directed the whole community to proceed with the blessed Sacrament from the choir to the dormitory in solemn procession.”

At last the officers of the government came and took possession of the persons of Savonarola and two of his companions, and the tumult ceased.

Savonarola's enemies were now dominant in the government, and on Low Sunday he and his brethren were put to the torture; but we spare our readers the horrible details. On a subsequent examination his answers were altered and perverted into a confession of guilt by a suborned notary, and at last the three friars were condemned to death. Two commissaries from Rome arrived after the condemnation, before whom Savonarola protested that whatever he might have confessed under the agonies of torture was false; and that though tortured again and again, he should always retract, when free, whatever the anguish of suffering might force him to say for the sake of relief. After his death the two commissaries returned to Rome *with the falsified process*. And it is further to be noticed, that the people of Florence were held to be *de*



*facto* excommunicated by their attack on San Marco and the blood they there shed, and that they actually received from the Pope a bull of absolution for the same.

The execution was now to be accomplished. In prison Savonarola told the priest who attended him that terrible calamities would come on Florence in the days of a Pope named Clement. Thirty-one years after, Florence endured all the horrors of a siege during the pontificate of Clement VII.

On the morning of the execution the three friars received the Holy Communion. Savonarola was allowed to take the Blessed Sacrament into his own hands, and before the Divine presence made the following profession :

“ My Lord,—I know you are that Trinity—perfect, invisible, distinct in three persons—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! I know that you are that eternal Word who descended from heaven to this earth in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and ascended the wood of the cross to shed thy precious blood for us miserable sinners! I beseech you, my Lord, I beseech you, save me, I beseech you, my comforter, that so much precious blood may not be shed for me in vain, but that it may be for the remission of all my sins, for which I ask your pardon, from the day I received the water of baptism to this hour, when I lay before you my transgressions.

“ And thus I implore pardon for aught in which I may have offended against this city and all its people, whether in things spiritual or temporal; and thus also for any thing in which I may have erred unknowingly.”

They were then degraded, hanged, and burnt; but after the degradation they received a plenary indulgence from the Papal commissary, which they accepted. Their death was accompanied by many disgusting indignities on the part of the populace. Horrible visitations are said to have befallen the notary who falsified the process, the executioners, and those who took a leading part in the insults and outrages on the friars.

Thus ended this strange and mournful history. And from the day of Savonarola's death till now, his character has been the subject of warm and occasionally violent controversy, both among Catholics and Protestants. Many distinguished, able, and orthodox Catholics have venerated him as a saint; others treat him as an impostor, others as a heretic in doctrine. He was invoked as a saint by St. Catherine of Ricci. During the process of her canonisation it was objected to her that she had done this. She moreover believed that she saw Savonarola in a vision, and that by his intercession she was cured of a dreadful internal disorder. The postulatores who were pleading in favour of St. Catherine's canonisation justified her con-

duct, and added (we quote the account given by Benedict XIV. in his great work on Canonisation), "that many other discreet and holy men had done the same thing as the servant of God here spoken of. Bzovius tells us, that according to the testimony of approved persons, St. Philip Neri kept in a part of his chamber set apart for sacred purposes an image of Savonarola, with the head surrounded with rays. It is also said of the same saint, that a very grave controversy having arisen in the time of Pope Paul IV. concerning the doctrine and writings of Savonarola, and that the same dispute having been carried on in the time of Pope Pius IV. with a good deal of heat, he offered prayers to God that the works might not be prohibited, and that the doctrine contained in them might stand unshaken; and that God revealing it to him, he knew of the victory that was gained before the news of it was brought to him, upon which he exclaimed, 'Good news; we have conquered, my brethren! Let us all return thanks to the Most High. Our adversaries have hurled their darts in vain against Jerome and his doctrine. It stands unshaken, and is approved by the judgment of our most holy lord the Pope.' Thus we read in his Life by Father Galloni. And although the fact is narrated without Jerome's name being mentioned, yet that the revelation was actually made on the occasion of the discussion respecting Savonarola, and the victory gained therein being reported to him, is borne witness to by the writer, who enlarges the life of the saint written by Picus, as well as by some witnesses who are mentioned in the process of his canonisation.

"The majority of those who gave their suffrages, and almost the whole of them, acknowledged the force of the answer. As, however, some, carried away by the heat of disputation, had begun to speak by way of the virtues of Savonarola, as shown in his life and at the close of it, as well as of the death to which he and his companions had without just cause been condemned; and although this argument of his having been put to death without just and sufficient cause was not only without foundation, but could have been of little or no service in vindicating the servant of God—for all that was, or could be, required for this was, that Savonarola had lived piously, that he had at death given indubitable signs of penitence, that he had accepted death with that humility that was befitting a Christian, and that before and after his death the opinion of his sanctity had gained ground—this, we say, having been referred to Pope Benedict XIII. of happy memory, his Holiness was pleased, after he had with the greatest care and wisdom considered every thing, and had attentively read what had been said on either side—all which had been faithfully taken down

in brief by me as promoter of the faith—in order to prevent the whole question respecting the justice or injustice of Savonarola's condemnation being once more revived, to issue a decree, imposing silence respecting the prayer of the servant of God to Savonarola, so that nothing should be inferred from it, either for or against her cause, and ordering them to proceed to what came next. And this decree was confirmed by Pope Clement XII. of happy memory."

Ten years after Savonarola's death, as we have already mentioned, the picture of Savonarola was introduced by Raffaele, under the eye of Pope Julius II., among the Doctors of the Church, in the celebrated picture called the Miracle of Bolsena (sometimes the Dispute of the Holy Sacrament) in the Vatican.

As to Savonarola's having held any heretical doctrine, the charge is groundless. His enemies found it impossible to procure a condemnation of his writings. Pope Paul III. is reported by Bzovius (the writer referred to above by Benedict XIV.) to have said, that "he should regard any one who accused Savonarola of heresy, as being himself of suspicious faith." Mr. Madden tells us, that our own illustrious martyr, Bishop Fisher, vouched for Savonarola's orthodoxy; and that the famous Jesuit, Father Parsons, did the same. Many extracts from his writings are given by Mr. Madden, which furnish a very high idea both of his genius, eloquence, and piety.

It is needless to say what is the opinion we ourselves entertain of his character; for we have sufficiently indicated it in the course of our sketch of his history. The vices of Alexander VI., and the corruptions of the age, have nothing to do with the question of Savonarola's personal conduct. Nor are the motives, real or supposed, of the Pope to be considered in any such examination. That he had a most undoubted right to forbid *any man* to preach, will be admitted not only by every Catholic, but by every person of common sense, who knows that no society can be carried on without an ultimate supreme authority. Moreover, Alexander did not condemn Savonarola to silence for preaching the truth, but on the accusation that he preached what was false, and which, in fact, he did not preach. That Savonarola's enemies abused the Pope's ear with groundless charges was Savonarola's own fault. He rejected the more proper course of proceeding, when summoned to adopt it in the most friendly manner. Viewed even as a matter of natural prudence, apart from any Catholic principle of faith and duty, his decision was absurdly rash. What worse could he suffer at Rome than he knew he must expect at Florence? Alexander's feelings could not be



more bitter than those of the exasperated usurers, debauchées, and simoniacal ecclesiastics, whom his preaching had irritated beyond reconciliation. Indeed, to imagine that he would not have received substantial justice at the hands of the Pontiff, with Caraffa for his advocate and protector, was the dream of a self-willed and blinded imagination.

As to the question, whether death was the fitting punishment for his reiterated disobedience, this, again, need not be discussed here. Savonarola himself did not protest against the use of capital punishment, *as such*, in his own case. He said he was not guilty of the things laid to his charge; and that, when the Pope *unjustly* judged a man, obedience was not due to him. On this point, the conduct of all concerned must be estimated by the opinions of the age in which they lived.

Do we, therefore, infer that the opinion of Savonarola's sanctity, held by so many excellent Catholics, is altogether unfounded? Far from it. We think that he was a great man, a good man, with a heart warmed with the love of God and hatred of sin; but that, both morally and intellectually, he was tinged with that fanaticism which led him to confound the cause of God with his own personal labours, and blinded him to his duty to obey those who were his superiors in all lawful things, even against his own opinion as to the expediency of their commands. That he *consciously* set himself against the Papal authority, as such, we can scarcely imagine. That he died an edifying death, few will dispute. Three parties united to put him to death,—the Pope, the evil-livers of Florence, and himself; but of the three, the two last must undoubtedly share by far the largest proportion of the responsibility.

We close the record of this tragic episode in the history of the Church with thanksgivings to Almighty God that our lot is cast in more peaceable times, when our worst foes are without the pale of the Church; when we have a Pius IX. in the place of an Alexander VI.; and there is no need of a reform like that which devoted men prayed for 350 years ago.

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#### INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN THE HOLY LAND.

*Narrative of a Journey round the Dead Sea and in Bible Lands in 1850 and 1851.* By F. de Saulcy, Member of the French Institute. 2 vols. Bentley, 1853.

THIS English edition of M. de Saulcy's most interesting and important work has been published almost simultaneously

with the original in Paris. We presume, therefore, that it has been approved by him, and this we must take as the guarantee of its fidelity, for we have not seen the original. We can only say that, with the exception of a few manifest grammatical inaccuracies, it reads as if it had been written in English, and not translated from a foreign language. We could have wished that the translator had not used the English Protestant version in the quotations from Scripture, for it is often very different from the explanation which M. de Sauley proposes for the sacred text, and its use involves the necessity of superfluous corrections. These very corrections imply that the version is inaccurate, and show the folly of that tiresome canonisation of the "authorised" version which has become a fashion in this country. A far greater defect in the English edition is the want of the maps and plates, which, by the continual references made to them in the text, we presume accompany the French edition, and without which many of the geographical, topographical, and architectural details become tedious and well nigh unintelligible. For these reasons we should much prefer the French to the English edition, though the translator has added a few valuable notes of his own to M. de Sauley's text.

The work itself combines the interest of adventure and discovery. The personal part of the narrative is not without its share of that French liveliness which made M. Huc's travels so charming; and the various glimpses of desert life and Arab manners are very amusing. The author's intimate acquaintance with Arabic, and his military education, with his rare powers of adaptation to all kinds of life, were of singular utility to him in conducting his expedition, and in rendering him a great favourite with the children of the desert. Besides this, his scientific acquirements, his knowledge of Oriental history, and his extensive reading, make him one of the very first of scientific travellers; and his remarkable discoveries may be said to be simply the result of his intellectual fitness for his task. A less cultivated man might have ridden through all the country traversed by M. de Sauley without making a single discovery worth recording. He had another advantage also in his religion: it is said that in his youth he was an infidel, and a passage of the first volume seems to imply as much; but now he is a Catholic, and his temper of mind is most decidedly opposed to that which goes about seeking to find in every old stone the overthrow of some "monkish tradition" or "popish superstition." The advantage is immense which such a man has over a common Protestant traveller in a land and among a people like the Arabian, where

tradition is so constant, that the ruined cities and villages are, in spite of the frequent conquests of the land, still called by the same names which they bore in the time of Moses; so wonderfully are they transmitted from generation to generation in the Holy Land. M. de Saulcy first assumes this principle as the base of his investigations, and ends by triumphantly proving its validity; indeed, we may say the great result of his inquiries has been the vindication of the traditions of Palestine from the doubts cast upon them by modern criticism.

"No traveller," he says, "who treads on Judaic ground can deny or undervalue the importance of *oral tradition*. If you consult it in regard to the holy Scriptures, you will find in a very short time that you are bound to respect it as you would an authentic volume; for throughout the whole extent of country, every step you advance will convince you that the Biblical traditions are imperishable. Here nothing alters connected with the Bible, nothing is changed, not even a name; the memory of human (secular) transactions alone has been lost."

All memory of the Roman occupation has gone; even the names imposed on the towns and villages by them have vanished; but all spots connected with sacred history have been carefully remembered, and are still pointed out to the pilgrim.

We will quote one instance of a place most interesting to all Christians, which had apparently been wrongly named, but all doubts concerning which were removed by an accidental occurrence.

"I felt strangely disappointed," he says, "at being shown for the first time, as the arcade of the *Ecce Homo*, a gate under which the public road passes. This gate, surmounted by small square windows, evidently of recent construction, had been rendered nearly ogival (Gothic) by a coarse Turkish plastering which completely covers it. I thought myself fully justified in rejecting the Christian tradition, and in contradicting the identification of this arcade, so apparently modern, with the arcade of the *Ecce Homo*." However, a flood occurs, part of the wall adjoining the gate falls, and drags with it the whole facing of plaster. "When thus disengaged from its modern coating, the arcade immediately resumed its real character, which it was impossible to mistake. I found myself in front of a fine circularly arched gate, dating positively from the early empire, and constructed in very superior style of huge blocks." Connected with the gate "was a wall of similar construction, said to be that of Pilate's palace, evidently reaching to the Antonia Tower. From that moment I have ceased to entertain the slightest doubt; and unless the contrary shall be proved to me, I



now firmly believe, and shall continue in the belief, that the arcade of the *Ecce Homo* is legitimately entitled to that name."

There is a similar vindication of the Christian traditions with regard to the identification of Cana of Galilee, and of other important sites. There are not above two or three instances in the two volumes of a decided rejection of a tradition as completely unfounded. And we unhesitatingly declare, that it is this temper of mind, or, if we must say so, this theory of criticism, which has led the author to his remarkable and most interesting discoveries.

As we have not space for a complete review of all these, we will mention a few of the most interesting of them. In the itinerary from Beyrout to Jerusalem there is nothing that need detain us long, except some amusing personal adventures. It is the journey on the shores of the Dead Sea, in the ancient land of Moab, and in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem, that is most rich in valuable information. On the shores of the Dead Sea he has discovered and identified, to the satisfaction of most critics, the remains of the five cities of the plain, Sodom, Gomorrha, and of the rest; and of these not inconsiderable vestiges, but ruins covering square miles of ground. At the south-western angle of the Salt Sea there is a hill of rock salt, and on the flanks of it, or rather on the "vast excrescences, or projecting hillocks, bordering the northern point of this mountain, disjointed accumulations appear, exhibiting positive and infallible evidence of the existence on this point of a very considerable town." The ruins are divided by a ravine, and form two distinct masses, covered with immense fragments of stone, some of them still disposed in regular rows, which are the foundations of ancient walls. The Arab guides were unanimous in pronouncing these to be the "ruins of Sodom," "Kharbet Esdoun." If this is what remains of Sodom,

"Sodom was situated on the south-western point of the Dead Sea; the salt mountain is called Sodom by Galen; Sodom was therefore on the same spot with the salt mountain. This mountain is called by the Arabs indifferently the Mount of Salt, or Mount Sodom. Thus, then, if on the very situation of the salt mountain we fall in with the ruins of a town, there is every probability that these are the ruins of Sodom; and this probability becomes a certainty if the inhabitants of the country unanimously agree in giving to these ruins the name of Kharbet Esdoun (the ruins of Sodom), and in attaching to them the traditional history of the town destroyed under the curse. All these conditions being entirely fulfilled, it is not possible to refuse credence to the fact, that these ruins of a town called Sodom are the ruins of the Sodom mentioned in the Bible."

He shows also, from abundant sources of evidence, that there is no authority for the common opinion that these cities were submerged under the Dead Sea; and certainly the sacred texts only mention fire and brimstone as the instruments of their subversion.

Having once satisfactorily identified Sodom, it was comparatively easy to find the other towns of the Pentapolis. Segor or Zoar, the little town close to Sodom to which Lot first fled, is recognised in a place about a mile and a half from Sodom, now called Zouëra; Zeboim he recognised in some vast ruins on the eastern coast of the lake now called Sebâan: "several terrific craters, three at least, surround the site which I lay down for Zeboim; and they must have accomplished instantaneously the destruction of this guilty city." He recognises Gomorrha in the vast ruins which occupy a valley still called Goumrau at the north-west corner of the lake; they extend along a space of at least four miles. Among the fragments of this town the foundations of a temple were discovered, bearing a striking resemblance in its plan to the temples afterwards found by the author on Mount Gerizim, and in the ruins of the old Canaanitish city of Hazor. Their seven pavilions remind one of the seven fire-temples of Persepolis, and seem to indicate that the worship of the ancient inhabitants of this country was similar to that which afterwards prevailed in other parts of Asia: but this is too large a subject for us to enter upon now. To return to M. de Saulcy's survey. He places the ruins of Admah at some miles' distance from the shore, to the west of Sodom and Zoar, at a spot called Soug-Et-Thâemeh (the market-place of Et-Thâemeh), where though, on account of the nature of the ground, nothing was visible from the road, the guides assured our author that the neighbouring hills were covered with ruins; they called this city Et-Thâemeh (pronounced Admah), and said that it was destroyed by fire from heaven, sent by the vengeance of Allah.

The catastrophe by which these five cities suffered has left its marks on the surface of the earth. The hillocks for miles along the coast are marked with "long reddish oblong stains, always taking the same inclination, and consisting of calcined fragments of flint . . . all evidently converging towards a common centre; and the farther they receded from that centre the larger were the fragments; these have evidently been ejected from craters situated at the points where the converging axes terminated in a common centre." M. de Saulcy always found these craters at the exact places where he was prepared to look for them. The author concludes from these

phenomena that the eruptions must have taken place at a recent period, and that the craters are nearly contemporaneous. It would be interesting to know whether these ejected fragments are anywhere found mingled with the ruins of the cities, for this would be almost a demonstration of the fact of their destruction by volcanic agency.

The next interesting discovery that we shall notice is the positive identification of the Qbour-el-Molouk, or tombs of the kings, with the sepulchres of David and his race. The author devotes about eighty pages of his second volume to this matter, and not only succeeds in the identification of the excavations as a whole with the sepulchres of the kings of Judah, but he even identifies the separate chambers, and allots the unfinished tombs to those apostate kings, who, having deserted the religion of their fathers, did not choose to be buried with them. After a careful study of the evidence, we can only say that we think he has brought his thesis to a high degree of probability; and that future travellers may rely on the correctness of his distribution of the chambers among the several kings.

These sepulchral chambers are not the only relics of the splendid buildings of the dynasty of David; a great part of the walls of the Temple have been for some time recognised as belonging to the original temple of Solomon; but M. de Sauley has made fresh discoveries, and refers some interesting architectural fragments to the same period. Among these is a window opening on to a balustrade; and more remarkable still, the arched bridge that led from the Temple to the Xystus, and of which, notwithstanding the great span of the arch, the author "thinks himself justified in asserting that it dates actually from the period of the kings of Judah, and perhaps even from the time of Solomon itself." He adduces as a parallel instance a vault "twelve yards high under the keystone, discovered lately by M. Place among the ruins of Nineveh." Thus on the subject of the antiquity of the arch, as on so many other matters, "the theories conceived in the corner of a study have been proved erroneous."

Again, with regard to the well-known structure called the tomb of Absalom, M. de Sauley justifies the popular tradition, and recognises it as the pillar which Absalom had set up in the Valley of the Kings to perpetuate his name in default of children. The curious mixture of the Ionic and Doric orders with Egyptian cornices and other details had hitherto induced architects to refer it to a late period of the decadence of art in the Eastern Empire; but M. de Sauley refers to a notice of it in a writing of the year 333, at which



date it was already attributed to the period of the Kings of Judah. Moreover, later discoveries have shown that the Greeks did not originate either of these orders. Champollion discovered in the caves of Beni Hasan on the Nile, of the period of the 12th Pharaonic dynasty (B.C. 3000), columns and entablatures almost identical with the Greek Doric; and Botta discovered at Khorsabad a bas-relief of a pavilion, ornamented with columns having Ionic capitals and antefixa. The elements of the architecture of the Greeks were borrowed, but the exquisite symmetry which they gave to their buildings is all their own.

The other great discoveries of M. de Saulcy are—the temple on Mount Gherizim, of which he gives a plan; the identification of the towns on the lake of Genesareth; and the ruins of the Canaanitish city of Hazor, first destroyed in the time of the Israelitish Judges, and afterwards in the reign of Nabuchodonosor, and which in the time of Josue was so extensive as to furnish an army of 300,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 3000 chariots. The vestiges of this place are so vast, that while on the spot, M. de Souley could hardly resist the thought that it could only be the abode of an extinct race, resembling that of the Anakim, or Emims; his companion, the Abbé Michon, went so far as to suppose the ruins to have belonged to some vast antediluvian city. Here we have vestiges of an antiquity probably as great as that of the Pyramids of Egypt, which would furnish a most interesting field for the investigations of the antiquary. Our author's search among the ruins was speedily cut short by the discovery of a venomous serpent under each stone which he moved. So literally has the prophecy of Jeremias been accomplished, that Hazor should become the abode of dragons (serpents), a solitude for ever, wherein no man shall dwell.

These details are sufficient to indicate the great interest which these volumes have for students of scriptural history. Their tone is quite refreshing, for in them we have no refinements of German criticism, but a simple acceptance of the facts as recorded in the sacred volume. In a word, they are evidently written by a Catholic, not by an Infidel or a Protestant.

We will give one extract as a specimen of the personal part of the narrative, and then we have done. The scene occurs on the road to Naplouse from Nazareth, which they traversed after dark, in consequence of their having had to catch their horses in the morning before they could proceed.

“ We are marching at last . . . . in less than half an hour it becomes quite dark, and Mohammed (their guide from Nazareth) per-

petually urges us to hurry on. Towards seven o'clock we are moving on through the darkest night, but far from dreaming of any mishap, when Mohammed, thinking he is speaking to my son, whom he supposes to be close behind him, but from whom he is separated by Philippe (a French servant), points out a narrow field on the left of the rocky defile which we are threading, and says in a whisper, '*Fih, nas! Fih, harami! nemchi alcïhim*—See, men, thieves! Let us rush down upon them.' Philippe, who does not understand the invitation, makes no answer. Mohammed insists—'Let us go'—still no answer. Then the gallant fellow, in a fury, rushes forward with his gun at his shoulder, and we hear the following words—'Who goes there?' A silence. 'Who goes there, you dogs!' The same silence again, immediately broken by the explosion of Mohammed's gun, accompanied by the usual form of malediction—'May Allah damn thee, thee and thy father, and the father of thy father!'

The thief is killed, and the party hurry on to Naplouse amid the threats and execrations of his companions. The Abbé Michon is very angry, and thinks a murder has been committed; but on their return to Naplouse, after their journey round the Dead Sea, they found that they had had a narrow escape, as a powerful party of ruffians had agreed to rob them, and were only deterred by the accident of having attacked by mistake some Turkish cavalry, who shot one of their men, and rode off. Of course M. de Sauley did not attempt to rectify this fortunate mistake, which guarded him from the consequences that might otherwise have been apprehended from the vengeance of the relatives of the deceased.

We will only conclude by again warmly recommending all who are interested in such subjects to read M. de Sauley's valuable book.

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#### ST. GREGORY AND ST. ANSELM.

*Saint Anselme de Cantorbery. Tableau de la vie monastique, et de la lutte du pouvoir spirituel avec le pouvoir temporel au onzième siècle.* Par M. C. de Remusat. Didier, Paris, 1853.

[Second Notice.]

THERE are few points of character concerning which the judgment of the world is more apt to be at variance with the judgment of the Church than that of meekness. Many men are thought to be meek and gentle, merely because of their readiness to yield and abandon some course of action which they have begun, the moment that they find it opposed; and others,

again, are sometimes accused of being obstinate, haughty, and overbearing, because they refuse to change their principles, and go on steadily persevering in some definite line of conduct, or in the pursuit of some particular object, in spite of the most determined opposition, and at the cost, it may be, of great public and private sufferings. And yet all the while, the former may in God's sight be amongst the proudest of men, and the latter the most humble. St. Bernardine of Siena used to apply to those whom the world falsely calls meek, the words of the prophet, *Tange montes, et fumigabunt*, "Touch the mountains, and they will smoke;" meaning thereby that all their seeming moderation and love of peace and quietness arose from an indifference to God's glory; so that when resistance was offered to any scheme, of which this was the scope, they did not feel it; it did not lie near their hearts, and it cost them nothing to give it up; but resist them in something which concerns themselves, something on which their hearts are bent and all their affections engaged, really *touch* them, that is, and they will smoke; the hidden fires will then burst forth from beneath the cloak of their seeming insensibility, and you will see cause to form a very different estimate of their temper and character. And so, in like manner, on the other hand, one may see persons who are truly meek and humble in all that concerns themselves, and who are ready to yield to every thing and to every body in all personal matters, who yet have the boldness of lions, or at least are immovable as the rock, when any attempt is made to seduce them into the abandonment of their principles, and to divert them from the strictest discharge of what they conceive to be the duties of their position. Of this latter class was Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury; "a man," says his present biographer, "always ready and anxious to be reconciled to his opponents, but never prepared to yield to them; a man who knew not what it was to hate, or to be in wrath; a lover of peace, yet always at war." And if the king, on his recovery, had flattered himself that no great harm had been done by his appointment, for that he was too great a lover of peace to offer any determined resistance to his plans, he was not long in discovering his mistake.

No sooner had William regained his health than he returned to his former habits of violence and tyranny; and when Gondulf, Bishop of Rochester, remonstrated with him, he impiously replied, "By the *Volto Santo* of Lucca, I would have you to know that I am not going to repay with good all the evil which God has been pleased to send upon me." Anselm saw in these wicked dispositions of the king a ray of hope that he might still be allowed to retire to his monastery; for



he had demanded, as an indispensable condition of his acceptance of the see, the immediate restitution of all its property, perfect freedom of obedience to Urban as the rightful Pope (though the king had not yet acknowledged him as such), and lastly, that William should be guided by his advice in all matters that concerned religion, taking him for his spiritual father and director, just as Anselm submitted to the king as his temporal master and defender; and he was determined not to allow himself to be consecrated on any other terms. At the end of six months, William, overcome by the importunity of all good Catholics, who lamented the increasing disorders of the Church, gave the required promises; and Anselm, having done homage according to the practice of his predecessors, was duly consecrated and installed. The struggle between the sheep and the bull soon began. William, at war with his elder brother, was in need of money; and Anselm offered him a sum of 500 marks. The king had expected more; and his courtiers encouraging him in his discontent, he refused to accept the proffered gift. It was in vain that the archbishop warned him that a small sum, given with good will, was worth more than a larger one extorted by violence; and that, if treated with kindness, and left in enjoyment of his full liberty, he should always be ready to assist the king, both with money and in every other way, but that he could not consent to be his slave. He was ordered to "take himself off, both his money and his preaching;" and Anselm, glad to escape even the suspicion of simony, which he feared this gift might, in the eyes of the public, have seemed to warrant, distributed the money to the poor, for the good of the king's soul (*pro redemptione animæ suæ*). The next collision between the two powers was at Hastings, where the bishops and nobles were attending upon the king, before his embarkation for Normandy. Here Anselm took the opportunity of proposing to his yoke-fellow that a national council should be held for the reformation of public morals; but his proposal was received with scorn: next, he spoke of the vacant abbacies, and other ecclesiastical dignities, whose revenues were being appropriated by the royal treasury; and this topic was, of course, still less agreeable to his royal host than the former; finally, he was ordered to be silent, and it was plain that he had incurred the king's heavy displeasure. Some of the other bishops, who seem to have considered a king's frown the greatest evil which human nature—certainly which an English bishop—could ever be called upon to endure, counselled the Primate to lose no time in re-offering the 500 marks that had been previously rejected; moreover, that he would do well to promise that

another similar sum should be forthcoming speedily. But to this Anselm replied, both that it was too late, the money having been otherwise disposed of, and also that he disdained to purchase his master's favour as he would purchase a horse or an ass. This answer being reported to the king, he bade his courtiers tell his grace that he might return to his home, for that he wanted no more of his prayers, and would not have him wait to give him his blessing before setting sail; in short, that he would no longer look upon him as his spiritual father and archbishop. "Tell him," he continued, "that I hated him before, that I hate him now, and shall hate him still more hereafter." Here at least was an open declaration of war; and henceforward Anselm knew with whom he had to deal. For the present he retired to Canterbury, living in his beloved retirement, but actively engaged in the ecclesiastical affairs of his immense province. We find him at this time writing a theological treatise on some of the principal mysteries of the Christian faith, to defend both himself and his predecessor against the false charges of Roscelin, who sought to implicate them in the same heresies with himself; corresponding with bishops and nobles, not only in England, but also in Wales, in Scotland, and Ireland, and in the Orkney Isles; and telling his friends, the Benedictine monks of Canterbury, whose society was his chief delight, that he was "like the owl, which loves to be in the dark surrounded by her little ones; but if she goes forth into the broad light of day, is immediately pursued and attacked by all the other birds." The time was soon coming when he was to be brought forth into the broad light of day, and to learn by experience the justice of his comparison. On the return of the king from Normandy, Anselm asked permission to go to the Pope to receive the pallium. William demanded to which Pope he was going; and when he heard the name of Urban, he replied that he had not yet declared for either side, Urban, or Clement the Antipope.\* The archbishop reminded him of the promise that had been already made upon this matter at the time of his consecration; but the king, as we have seen, was not one who felt strongly obligations of this kind; and he maintained that this unauthorised obedience to Urban was inconsistent with loyalty to himself. Anselm proposed to refer this question to the council of bishops and peers; but when he had stated his case to them, they advised him to submit to the king's good pleasure; and warned him that if he determined otherwise,

\* It had been one of the "innovations" of William the Conqueror that no one should recognise a Pope in England till the king had ordered him to be acknowledged.

he must be prepared to carry on the contest single-handed. Anselm's reply was worthy of himself and of his high dignity, and may be summed up in the words of Scripture, which he quoted to them, viz. that he was ready and determined at all sacrifices to "render to Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, but to God the things that were God's." No one could be found who durst report this answer to the king save Anselm himself; having done which, he returned to the church, where he remained alone, and leaning his head against a pillar, fell asleep, whilst the rest were busily discussing among themselves, or with the king, what steps could be taken to reduce him to obedience. The deliberations were interrupted by night-fall, but resumed the next morning, when the king proposed that the bishops should all renounce the primate, and refuse to have any thing more to do with him, and himself promised to set the example; and this proposal was actually acceded to by the bishops themselves;\* the lay lords, however, refusing to join them in their rebellion. The people sided with the archbishop against his suffragans, who were greeted with the titles of Judas, Pilate, and Herod, as soon as they made their appearance in public; and one of the soldiers, coming forward from amidst the crowd and kneeling before Anselm, bade him, in the name of all the people, "not be troubled by what was being said or done against him, but to remember the blessed Job, who on his dunghill overcame the devil, and so avenged Adam, whom *he* had overcome in Paradise." This support of the people was both an encouragement to the primate and a check upon the king, who dared not proceed to any further violence. A truce was agreed upon until the following Whitsuntide, the king proposing during the interval to send trusty messengers to Rome, and Anselm taking counsel of his friends. Before the expiration of the appointed time, the two messengers returned in company with a Papal nuncio, the Bishop of Albano, whose conduct has been the subject of very opposite opinions. Some authors consider that he acted with the most consummate prudence; whilst others have accused him of dissimulation; and others, again, of preferring might to right. He passed by Canterbury without addressing a word or a line to the persecuted archbishop, and sought at once the presence of the king. It does not appear that he had much difficulty in persuading William to recognise Urban as the true Pope; but when this had been done, and Urban had been proclaimed

\* We cannot suppose that either Gondulf of Rochester, or Ralph of Chichester, was present on this occasion, as their subsequent conduct sufficiently absolves them from all suspicion of having taken part in so disgraceful a scene.



as such throughout the country, the king proceeded to demand, what doubtless he had been reckoning upon with confidence as the price of his adhesion, viz. the deposition of Anselm. Here, however, he was met by an absolute refusal; and finding it hopeless to contest the point any further, he professed to be reconciled with the archbishop, and allowed him to receive the pallium, which the nuncio had brought with him. Anselm refused to receive it from the hands of the king, but was at length allowed to take it himself from off the high altar, on which it had been placed, and to invest himself.

It was not to be expected that peace should long continue between two parties whose principles were so diametrically opposed; more especially when we consider the natural and habitual violence of one of the combatants. Under these circumstances, occasions are never wanting for the renewal of hostilities. It was a part of the archbishop's duty to supply a certain quota of soldiers for the royal army, when called upon; and the king made it a subject of complaint that these were sent badly clothed and badly trained. Moreover, he took every opportunity of offering some new insult, or committing some new injury upon the rights of the Church; until at length Anselm felt himself constrained to seek the advice and assistance of the sovereign Pontiff. But when he asked for permission to leave the country for this purpose, he was refused; the king saying that he was confident he could not have committed any sin which was a reserved case and required the Papal absolution; and that, as for advice, he was much more competent to give it to the Pope than the Pope was to give it to him. A few months afterwards Anselm renewed his request, and was again refused; being told, moreover, that if he should dare to go in spite of the refusal, all the property of his see would be confiscated, and he would no longer be recognised as archbishop. Four bishops were present on this occasion, from whom the primate sought for counsel; but their answer was the same as it had been before, or rather it was still more undisguisedly base and worldly. "You aim too high for us," it was said; "we cannot rise to so lofty a level: we have relatives, and we cannot afford to despise the things of this world. If you will condescend to walk on the same road with us, we will take care of all your affairs as of our own; but if you choose to care only for God—as in times past—you must go on your way alone, as far as we are concerned; for we are determined not to fail in our loyalty to the king." "You have spoken well," was the indignant reply; "go ye to your master, and I will keep to mine." Presently the bishops were not ashamed to return bearers of a message

from the king, to the effect that Anselm was violating the oath of obedience he had taken, by thus threatening to go to Rome; and requiring him either to promise that he would never again appeal to the Holy See under any circumstances, or else to leave the country. Anselm went back himself into the king's presence to answer this most unreasonable message; but, after saying a few words, he was interrupted both by William and by some of his nobles, who cried out, "He is preaching—he is preaching! and we don't care to listen to a sermon." Waiting patiently till their shouts had ceased, he then continued, "You wish me to take an oath that I will never again appeal to the successor of St. Peter. This would be to renounce St. Peter; to renounce St. Peter would be to renounce Christ; and to renounce Christ would be a sin from which I hardly think this court would be capable of absolving me." At length the king thought it best to seem to give way; and Anselm, before taking leave, addressed these simple but solemn words to him—the last which he was ever to address to him in this world—"As a spiritual father to his well-beloved son, as the Archbishop of Canterbury to the King of England, I would fain, before I go, give you God's blessing and mine, except you refuse to receive it." "I do not refuse," said the king, touched by the calm solemnity of the man whom he had striven in vain to conquer, and immediately he bowed his head to receive it.

Anselm was greeted on the continent with the enthusiasm which his heroic constancy so well deserved. Men and women, old and young, rich and poor, vied with one another in showing him marks of respect and affection; or, if an enemy lay in wait to seize him, his very look was sufficient to disarm them. He travelled as a pilgrim-monk, with two of his brethren for his faithful companions; and by these means escaped the snares of some of the robber-knights of the period, who had looked for great booty from plundering the suite of an English archbishop. In Rome he was honourably entertained by the Pope in his own palace at the Lateran; and he afterwards assisted at, and by the Pope's invitation took a prominent part in, the Council of Bari, A.D. 1098. At this council 185 bishops were present; and as soon as the questions between the Greek and Latin Churches had been disposed of, the affairs of Anselm and the king of England were brought forward and discussed. The Pope rehearsed the history of William's crimes, and referred to the presence of Anselm amongst them at that very time as a proof of his perseverance in the same evil courses. "In vain we have attempted to move him to repentance by gentle persuasion; what then, my brethren, is now to be done?" "If

you have warned him three times," replied the bishops, "and he takes no heed, it only remains to smite him with the sword of Peter." The Pope seemed ready to pronounce the sentence of excommunication immediately; but Anselm himself interceded for his oppressor, and his petition was heard. Whether intelligence of this fact reached the king's ears, we do not know; but it is certain that, soon after Urban's return to Rome, a royal messenger arrived, who, by dint of bribes and promises, succeeded in keeping the matter in abeyance for awhile; and in the next year the Pope died. That Urban himself had not been persuaded to espouse the king's cause, either publicly or privately,\* is sufficiently clear both from the testimony of Eadmer, our most accurate and trustworthy authority, and also from the brutal language of William when he heard of his death. "The devil take any body who regrets his loss!" was his immediate observation; and when he was told that the new Pope was not unlike Anselm in character, he exclaimed, "By the *Volto Santo*, if he is such an one as he, he won't serve our turn. It matters not, however; for I'll take good care that the Papacy shall not get the upper hand of me again. I am free now, and I will do what I please," meaning thereby that he would not recognise his successor; and true to his word, he pursued his own evil courses during the next few months with the most unbridled violence, until the measure of his iniquities being now full, he was suddenly cut off by a bloody and mysterious death, and sent to his last account.

On the accession of Henry to the throne of England, Anselm was immediately recalled from exile, and with the fairest promises of peace and liberty. Henry indeed stood in need of the support of his great influence and authority, to strengthen his hands against those who might be disposed to advocate the claims of his brother Robert; but it is not necessary to believe that he was influenced by motives of selfish policy alone in this recall of the exiled archbishop. Violence and plunder were not the weapons whereby he proposed to govern the nation, and probably he saw no reason to suppose but that the crown and the crosier might go on together in a friendly alliance, the two *boves* to draw the *aratrum* of the English Church, as they had done under the first William and Lanfranc. An unexpected difficulty, however, arose at the very threshold of the desired alliance; Anselm refused to do homage to the king for his archbishopric, and to receive investiture by ring and crosier from his hands, as lay barons did on the succession

\* M. de Remusat seems to incline to the contrary opinion, relying on the authority of William of Malmesbury; but we prefer that of Eadmer, Baroñius, Mohler, Montalembert, and others.



of a new monarch, and lay vassals on the succession of a new lord, and as he himself had done when first appointed to the see by Henry's predecessor. The cause of this seeming inconsistency is to be found in Anselm's improved knowledge at this time of the mind of the Holy See and the decrees of the Church upon this point. Anselm had been present at a council held in Rome at Easter, A.D. 1099; and he had heard the Pope fulminate decrees of excommunication against all who should give or receive investiture of ecclesiastical benefices from the hands of laymen; and after having been an exile from his country for three years, in consequence of his fidelity to Holy Church, he was not come home to begin in his old age a new course of disobedience and rebellion. We would not, however, be misunderstood, as though we intended by these words to countenance the unworthy insinuation of M. de Remusat, that St. Anselm entered upon this new battle solely out of blind obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, and without any personal conviction as to the importance of the point at issue. On the contrary, we think M. de Remusat is here guilty of very great injustice towards the subject of his biography; we mean, of course, with reference to his intellectual character, not his moral. Unquestionably it would have been an abundantly sufficient ground on which the archbishop should rest his refusal of lay investiture, that it was forbidden by the Pope; but it is paying a sorry compliment to his powers of mind to suppose that he did not himself recognise the importance of the question, and had no strong opinions and feelings about it. We have shown in our former article how this was in truth the very keystone to all the earnest attempts that were being now made for the reformation of the Church; it was impossible that she should be purified unless she were also delivered from the fetters with which a corrupt tradition had gradually enchained her; the attainment of liberty was the first and most necessary step towards the attainment of purity. And this truth, which was recognised by the religious instinct of all who were devout, even though they were uneducated, could not but have been present to the mind of the keen and thoughtful Anselm, from the first moment that his attention had been called to the subject at all. In the retirement of his monastery at Bec, and when first he was dragged out of private life and forced into the see of Canterbury, he had not had occasion to think deeply on the matter; it had not come before him as a practical question, and it was out of the line of his favourite metaphysical studies: he followed therefore the example of his predecessors without scruple. But now the case was widely altered; and Henry might talk as much

as he pleased about the ancient usages of the country, and the rights and privileges of the crown, and papal aggression, and the like; but Anselm was not to be shaken in his purpose, and nothing would induce him to receive the royal investiture. The wily monarch, seeing that violence against such a character would be of no avail, and standing much in need, as we have said, of Anselm's support, proposed a reference to Rome; and the archbishop, who had nothing either to gain or to lose by delay, readily consented. The answer of Paschal was clear and decisive: "Christ has said, 'I am the door, and he that entereth in by Me shall be saved;' but if kings pretend to be the door of the Church, those who enter in through their means will be not shepherds, but robbers. The holy Roman Church, in the person of our predecessors, has vigorously withstood this royal usurpation and abominable practice of investiture; and we have confidence in the Lord that the power of Peter will not be weakened even in our unworthy hands. Do not imagine that your power will be enfeebled by abandoning this profane usurpation; but, on the contrary, be assured that your authority will only be the more glorious and the more mighty, when the authority of God is suffered to reign unshackled in your kingdom." This lesson, true as it undoubtedly is, and confirmed by all the experience of history, is one which the great ones of the earth have ever been slow to receive; and Henry was not wiser in this respect than the great multitude of his predecessors and successors. Having himself appealed to Rome, he now swore that the decision of Rome was nothing to him; that he was determined to uphold the usages of his forefathers; and that he would suffer no man to remain in the kingdom who did not demean himself as became one of his own vassals. Anselm, however, was deaf to the hint; lover of peace though he was, he loved justice and righteousness still more; and he contented himself with replying that his duties were at Canterbury, and that there he should continue to reside, until driven away by force. Once more Henry proposed an embassy to Rome; but not now, as on the former occasion, to learn the Pope's decision on a point of ecclesiastical discipline, but rather to announce the good pleasure of the king touching a point of internal government in the management of his own country. "Anselm would certainly be banished, if he did not conform to the ancient customs:" this was the concise and peremptory message whereby it was sought to intimidate the sovereign Pontiff, and three bishops were not ashamed to charge themselves with the delivery of it. On the other hand, two monks went from St. Anselm to hear what was said, to confirm the report of the royal purpose, and

to bring back an accurate account of the answer that might be given. The answer was such as might have been expected; the Pope was justly indignant that any man should dream that the decrees of councils and the rights of holy Church would be made to yield to the threats of a single man, however mighty. "Thank God," he said in the letter which he sent to Anselm, "the episcopal authority has not failed in you; situated as you are in the midst of barbarians, neither fire nor sword, neither the violence of kings nor the flatteries of nobles, have hindered you from boldly proclaiming the truth. We conjure you to persevere, both in your words and actions, according to the line marked out for you by duty, and be assured of our continual support. For we have the same spirit as our fathers; we, like them, believe, and therefore do we speak; the Word of God is not yet in bondage." Nothing could be more distinct or more encouraging than this; what was the surprise, then, of Anselm and his trusty messengers, the monks, when they found the king refusing to produce the letters which he also had received from the Pope, but bringing forward instead, the three bishops, his ambassadors, who solemnly asserted that the Holy Father had used a very different tone in private conversation with themselves; nay, even, that he had distinctly yielded the point in dispute, authorising Anselm to submit to the required ceremony; and that he had only abstained from committing this dispensation to writing, lest it should come to the knowledge of other princes, who would then claim a similar indulgence for themselves. On hearing this astounding statement, the court were divided in opinion, or at least they professed to be; some boldly contended that they were bound to credit the written letter of the Pope, confirmed as it was by the oral testimony of the two monks who brought it; others, on the contrary, pretended to maintain that the word of three bishops ought surely to be preferred to "a skin of parchment bedaubed with ink and sealed with lead;" and that as to the monks, they were men who had renounced the world, and whose evidence was no longer admissible, therefore, in any worldly matter. "But," objected one of them, "this is no worldly matter, but ecclesiastical." "Ah! no doubt you are a very honest fellow, and very clever to boot," was the impudent response; "nevertheless, you must allow that we are bound to give more weight to the testimony of two bishops and an archbishop than to yours." "But the letters!" subjoined the monk. "What folly!" replied the courtiers; "when we have rejected the witness of living monks in deference to the higher testimony of bishops, shall we afterwards yield to that of dead sheepskins? That



would be madness indeed." "Yet after all, that is what the Gospels are written upon," whispered those whose intellects were not convinced, nor their wills perverted, by the shameless sophistry of those who were determined at all costs to support the pretensions of the king.

Certainly these three bishops bade fair in this disgraceful scene to earn the praise which, at a later period, was bestowed by a cardinal upon one of our English kings: "Never did I meet with a man more courageous to tell lies." Nevertheless, it is scarcely possible that any body can have really believed their most improbable tale; and it can only have been from a scrupulous regard for the maintenance of that public respect which was due to their sacred office, that Anselm himself proposed yet a third embassy to Rome. The letter which he wrote to Paschal on this occasion is a monument of his simplicity of heart and unflinching steadfastness of purpose: "I fear not exile, or poverty, or suffering, or death," thus runs the tenour of his letter; "my heart is ready, with God's help, to endure all this for the sake of obedience to the Apostolic See, and the liberty of my holy Mother the Church. I only desire to know with certainty what are your commands, and what is my duty. At the council of Rome, I heard Pope Urban, of blessed memory, excommunicate kings, and all other laics who should give investiture of ecclesiastical benefices, as well as all such as should receive it at their hands. Does then your holiness condescend to exempt England from this excommunication, in order that I may live here in peace without peril to my soul? or else let me know that it is your purpose to maintain that decree, be the consequences what they may to myself personally." There is something in the calm yet dignified tone of this epistle which is most touching. It is as striking a feature in the character of the archbishop, as gentle and winning affectionateness had been in that of the prior and abbot; and to persons who take only a superficial view of men's characters, and do not seek to analyse the motives of their actions, there seems at first sight a certain degree of inconsistency, or even incompatibility, between them. People are very apt to confound gentleness with softness and weakness; and they do not understand that impenetrable strength of character which springs from true singleness of purpose, wherever the heart is steadfastly fixed on its one only supreme good. A Protestant writer of the Oxford school, whose singular appreciation of St. Anselm's character and lively sketch of his history is quoted with approbation both by Montalembert and by M. de Remusat, has well observed that the secret of this apparent "double-sidedness" in our hero lay "in his

thorough earnestness and self-devotion; in that completeness of character which, by dint of continual and genuine self-mastery, has become fitted for every kind of service, because it has really surrendered every end but one. And so, when called to a new sphere, he was ready and qualified for it; he at once recognised his place and took it. The scene was changed, but the man was the same. All that he brought to meet it was his former fidelity and patience—*his unexcited and common-place sense of duty*—the unconscious heroism which had been growing up in him in secret—*fortezza ed umiltate e largo core*—and the vivid and continual certainty that, come what might, he had chosen the winning side.”

It was impossible but that this quiet and firm bearing of the archbishop should awaken sympathy in the breasts of the nobler portion of his countrymen; and Henry was destined to see one or two remarkable fruits of this sympathy brought to maturity far sooner than he can have expected. It had been agreed that, during this new embassy to Rome, Anselm should not excommunicate those whom the king might invest with bishoprics; but neither, on the other hand, should he be expected to consecrate them. Henry, however, thinking probably that even this degree of concession was something of a triumph over the archbishop, was anxious to push his advantage still further; or perhaps he wished to secure certain advantages at once, lest the answer from Rome should effectually check him hereafter; anyhow he called upon Anselm to consecrate three bishops elect at once, two of whom were creatures of his own court, and had received investiture from his hands. Anselm refused; and the king then turned to the Archbishop of York. The contest for precedence between these two sees had but lately been settled; and the disappointed Archbishop of York was not sorry to have this opportunity of infringing on the rites of the primate. He joyfully consented, therefore, to supply his place; and a day was fixed for the ceremony, which was to be performed in St. Paul's, London. Before the appointed time, however, one of the three, and a personal favourite of the king, brought back his ring and crosier, saying that an unlawful benediction, such as the Archbishop of York could only give, would, in fact, be equivalent to a curse; he therefore resigned his appointment: of course he was banished from the court. The king and Gerard of York determined to persevere with the consecration of the other two; but, lo, in the very middle of the function, one of the bishops elect, touched with remorse, refused to submit to the ceremonies; the people loudly applauded his resolution, crying out that he was acting well, and that the

other bishops were breaking God's laws. The archbishop and his assistants retired in confusion, and went to tell the king of what had happened. The refractory priest was ushered into the royal presence; but neither threats nor promises having any effect in changing his purpose, all his property was confiscated, and he himself was banished from the kingdom.

It was evident that the tide had now turned; such acts as these are contagious, and there was no knowing how far the reaction might spread. Henry therefore went to Canterbury to have a personal interview with the archbishop. The answer from Rome to the third embassy had just been received; but the seal of the letter was still unbroken. Henry refused to take any notice of it. "The Pope has nothing to do with any concerns of mine; what my predecessors have enjoyed in this realm is mine, and he who would seek to rob me of it is my enemy." It was in vain that Anselm sought to convince him that he was far from being his enemy; but that he was bound to abide by the decisions he had heard in Rome, unless he was assured of the contrary by the same supreme authority. The king was only the more enraged; the nobles were dismayed at the prospect of the evils that were to be apprehended from a complete and final rupture between the two powers; strange rumours went abroad of deeds of violence that were in contemplation; good men prayed, and all wept. Presently, however, the king appeared to change his tone; he proposed, under the guise of friendship, that Anselm should himself proceed to Rome, and see whether his influence might not perhaps succeed in gaining what had been denied to others. All applaud the proposal, and the aged prelate, now nearly seventy years old, prepares without a murmur to make another toilsome journey to Rome, protesting, however, in the presence of the whole council, that, when there, he shall recommend nothing to the Sovereign Pontiff prejudicial to the liberty of the Church, or to his own honour.

This was a most successful stroke of policy on the part of Henry. Extreme measures and deeds of violence were not to his taste; and with such an antagonist as Anselm they were not necessary. The opposition of the saintly prelate was invincible, but at the same time it was gentle; it was not aggressive, but passive. It was not so much, therefore, a danger to the king, as it was an annoyance, an embarrassment. To gain time was to gain every thing; to put Anselm on one side, to keep him out of sight, and altogether to ignore his existence, was all that was wanted. He was the *fons et origo malorum*; in his absence, the king was satisfied nobody would dispute his will. And now he seemed fully to have succeeded



in this. Anselm was safely out of the country; and when once this was accomplished, the king was far from being anxious that he should reach his journey's end, and really fulfil his mission. Henry became suddenly solicitous for his archbishop's health; he hoped he would not over-fatigue himself by any hurried travelling towards Rome, especially during the heats of summer; he would do better to rest until the season was more advanced; indeed, why should he not remain altogether in his quiet monastery of Bec, or in some other place of hospitality and retirement, and send messengers to Rome in his stead? Of course Anselm saw through all this hypocritical concern for his well-being; but of course also he returned kind and gentle answers in acknowledgment of the kindness, and by and by found himself in Rome, as he had intended. A trusty and experienced messenger from the king had already arrived before him; and he had talked so loudly of the determination of his master to maintain his hereditary rights, and of the inconveniences which Rome would suffer from the defection of a country like England, that he had secured the support of the most timid and worldly-minded of the Roman court. Emboldened by this success, he went on impudently to declare, in the presence of the Pope and his advisers, that, "say what they would, his lord, the king of England, was resolved never to lose the right of investiture, though it should cost him his kingdom to maintain it." "And I," replied the Pope, "vow before Heaven, that I, Paschal, will never let him have it, though it should cost me my head to prevent him." Warelwast, who had transacted business in Rome for Rufus as well as for the present king, was by no means prepared for such firmness, and began to suspect that those had spoken truly who had told his former master that the new Pope was something like Anselm. He was, indeed, like him in gentleness and love of peace, though certainly not equal to him in the more sterling parts of his character. And even now, though adhering firmly to his resolution on the main point of the investiture, yet he wrote a kind and conciliatory letter to the king, exempting him for a while from the sentence of excommunication which he had incurred, complimenting him on his successes in war, on the birth of his son, and other similar matters, and seeking by smooth words and fair promises to win him to submission. Both Anselm and Warelwast now prepared to leave Rome; the former to bend his way towards England, the latter, as he pretended, to travel southwards to discharge a vow that he had made at the shrine of St. Nicholas of Bari. Anselm, therefore, set out alone; and when Warelwast overtook him at Piacenza, he quietly

congratulated him on the extraordinary rapidity of his travels, knowing all the while that he had really loitered behind in Rome, to see if he could not succeed, when the archbishop's back was turned, in getting better terms for his master. But all his efforts had been fruitless; so when they reached Lyons he delivered to his fellow-traveller a curt message from the king, that "the king would be most happy to see him in England if he was ready to live with him on the same terms as Lanfranc had lived with his father." "Is that all?" inquired Anselm. "I speak to a man of sense," answered the wily diplomatist. "And I quite understand you," replied the archbishop, and immediately resigned himself to a second exile from his country. For nearly a year and a half he remained the guest of his old and faithful ally, the Archbishop of Lyons, where he received frequent news from England, and learnt all that was going on there. Henry had appropriated to his own uses the revenue of the see of Canterbury, making only a small allowance to the exiled prelate; the clergy, left without their head, fell into many grievous disorders, and the whole country began to groan under an accumulation of evils which it required the presence of some strong spiritual authority adequately to remedy. It was not enough that the heart of Anselm should bleed at the knowledge of these miseries; he was to suffer the further personal trial of being misunderstood and misrepresented, and himself accused of being the cause of all these evils. He received nothing but the most indignant remonstrances at his protracted absence; he was upbraided with having yielded to "a mere word of one William,"—meaning the royal message that had been delivered by William Warelwast; he was told that he was staying away "for nothing;" that at the last judgment Ambrose would reap the reward of his noble resistance of the Emperor Theodosius, and so also would other bold and generous defenders of Christ's flock; but that he himself was suffering the whole Church of England to fall into ruin and decay. Even his own monks of Canterbury seem to have joined in the outcry against him. The queen, who had a most sincere and affectionate regard for him, overwhelmed him with letters of affectionate entreaty that he would "soften what she would dare to call his iron heart, and come and wipe away her tears, who was longing and sighing for his return." Finally, even the king himself wrote, though of course in a very different tone, pressing him to the same thing, if only he would "conform to the practice of his predecessor Lanfranc." It is curious to observe how uniformly the Church's enemies, whether heretics or schismatics, or only her own tepid, disobedient, and disaffected

children, adopt the same line of argument wherever circumstances will admit of it, viz. how they allege the authority of some one eminent individual against the general consent of doctors and the authority of the Supreme Head of the Church. Thus the name of Bossuet was used as a sort of unanswerable argument by members of the Gallican school, and Lanfranc was the name behind which the "moderate" men of the eleventh century would fain take shelter, and which they desired to use not only as a shield, but also as a weapon of offence which was to dislodge Anselm from the position he had taken, and convince him against his will. His answer is eminently characteristic, and well deserving our attention. "Your highness," he says, addressing the king, "sends me assurances of friendship, and says there is no man you would more willingly see in your kingdom than myself, provided that I will consent to be with you on the same terms that Lanfranc was with your father. For your assurances of friendship and good-will towards me, I return you thanks; but as to what you say concerning your father and Lanfranc, I answer, *that neither at my baptism nor at any of my ordinations did I ever promise to obey the laws either of Lanfranc or of your august father, but the law of God and of that sacrament of orders which I have received.* I too can truly say that I would rather serve you than any other human prince; but I cannot consent on *any* terms to deny the law of God. Moreover, I neither ought nor dare to abstain from reminding you that God will require at your hands a double account; not only for your discharge of the duties of a king, but also for the primacy of England. And this double burden will overwhelm you. There is no man in the world who ought to be more careful to obey the law of God than kings; for there are none who run a more fearful risk by disobedience. These are not my words, but those of holy Scripture, which says, *Potentes potentior tormenta patientur, et fortioribus fortior instat cruciatus.* I see in your letter nothing but a proposal for temporising, in a way which is neither becoming to the Church of God, nor for the good of your own soul. If you still persist in delaying, I give you warning that I at last shall no longer delay to appeal to God in behalf of that cause which is not mine, but God's, intrusted to me. Oh! force me not to cry out, against my will, 'Arise, O God, and judge Thy cause.'" How calm, and dignified, and most imposing is this language of the exiled archbishop, addressed to his own sovereign! Whether Henry took alarm at the tone of the concluding paragraph, as the words of one who was by no means used to threaten, but who never spoke in vain, or employed language that did not express the real feel-



ings of his heart and purpose of his soul, we do not know. It is certain that Anselm seriously contemplated pronouncing a sentence of excommunication against the king; and that, if Henry did not gather as much from the letter we have just cited, he soon learnt it from his own sister, the Countess of Blois, to whose castle Anselm had gone to visit her in her sickness. This knowledge effected a very great and immediate change in Henry's policy. His quarrel with the archbishop now threatened to be no longer a mere annoyance and embarrassment, but a very substantial danger; for he was well aware that he had not done much towards securing the affectionate loyalty of his own people, and moreover he was now engaged in a war with his brother for the Duchy of Normandy; and he well knew that an excommunication was no idle form of words, but that it would at once so weaken his hands as not only to frustrate his designs of aggrandisement, but possibly even to effect his ruin. It was necessary, therefore, that a reconciliation should be obtained at all costs. Through the mediation of his sister, he was enabled to have an interview with his illustrious exile; and men observed, that it was no longer the persecuted archbishop who sought the presence of his offended master, but the king, who himself went to seek the prelate, and to propose terms of accommodation between them. A personal reconciliation, and the restoration of the revenues of the see, were the immediate consequences of these interviews; and, as to the main subjects of dispute, it was agreed that yet another embassy should be sent to Rome. Paschal, seeing probably that the king was now really in earnest in his professions of anxiety to come to some terms with the archbishop, thought it best to yield a single point, whilst securing the main substance of what he had been contending for. The lay investitures with ring and crosier he still utterly refused to tolerate; but ecclesiastics were to be allowed to do homage to the king for any bishopric or other benefice presented to them; a degree of concession which the Pope compared to the act of a man stooping to raise one who has fallen: "This cannot be done," he said, "unless the man who stands consents to bow himself somewhat towards the fallen, yet does he not on that account cease to stand (*statum tamen rectitudinis non amittit*).” It would not be easy perhaps to find a more apt or just similitude. The Church stooped to make a temporary concession—for Paschal specified in his letter to Anselm, that even the act of homage was only to be allowed until, by God's grace upon the gentle dews of the archbishop's preaching, the king's heart should be softened so as voluntarily to abandon it,—but she had gained the victory. She had

broken the iron chains of feudal prescription, she had taken the first step in advance, and made her enemy retire before her; and henceforward it would be only a work of time before she succeeded in vindicating her claims to a state of more complete independence. Dr. Franck, Dr. Lingard, and others, have represented the Church as "gaining little by this compromise;" and M. de Remusat seems rather to incline towards the same opinion. This, however, was not the view which was taken of it by contemporary authors, nor by the parties themselves who had fought the battle; and surely none could so well estimate as they the real import of what had been done. We find that the Archbishop of Lyons, the Bishop of Limerick, and others who had taken a deep interest in the strife, wrote to congratulate Anselm on its triumphant issue. We may confidently conclude, therefore, that it *was* a victory, and that Henry felt it to be a defeat. Indeed, we can have no doubt upon this point, when we find the defeated monarch at a subsequent period seeking to lay hold of some plausible excuse whereby he might be justified in re-opening the question that had been settled, with the hope of recovering the ground he had lost.

Anselm did not live more than two years after his return to England; and even these were interrupted by much harassing strife, touching the rights of the primacy, with the Archbishop of York. His firmness, however, overcame all obstacles; and even after his death, a threat of excommunication which he had published against all who should infringe those rights, sufficed to defeat the attempts of his enemies, and obliged the king to give judgment on Anselm's side; so that, as his biographer truly says, "even when absent from this world, he was still gaining the cause of his Church." We are sorry that our space will not allow us to give the detailed account which has been left us of his last hours; but we have not aimed at giving a sketch of the Saint's life, so much as to exhibit in a striking light the singular beauty of his character, in the union of the most touching gentleness with the most unflinching steadfastness. His death was in every way worthy of his life. When he was told, on Palm Sunday, that it seemed likely that he would keep his Easter in heaven, he answered, that if such was God's will he was well content; nevertheless, that he should have been nothing loth to remain yet a little longer upon earth, just to write a treatise which he had been turning over in his mind concerning the origin of the soul; for that he did not know, when he was gone, whether any body was likely to undertake it. This observation was in the strictest harmony with the whole of his career; it was

as natural that St. Anselm should employ his dying moments in the contemplation of a difficult question in philosophy, as it was that St. Gregory should have employed them (as we saw in our last) in giving advice and directions as to the choice of his successor, and other details of practical life. At day-break on the Wednesday in Holy Week, April 21, A.D. 1109, he breathed his last, stretched upon the floor on sackcloth and ashes, whilst one of his monks was reading to him the history of the Passion, as it was to be read that day at Mass.

Sixty years later the same battle was fought by one of his successors, with different weapons indeed, and to human eyes perhaps with a different issue, yet in truth with the same success. St. Thomas of Canterbury did but continue the work which St. Anselm had begun; and his victory was not the less complete because it was won at the cost of his own life.

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#### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

*Geology in its Relations to Revealed Religion.* By C. B.  
Dublin, Bellew; London, Dolman. 1853.

THIS book is the work of a most pious and industrious person; and if piety and industry were all the qualities required in the writer who has to reconcile the ancient feud between religion and science, no doubt the present volume would have been a satisfactory conclusion of the battle: as it is, however, we are afraid that no one who has really studied the subject will admit the distinctive principles of this writer's theory. We fear also lest scientific men, if they are persuaded to look into the volume at all, should only be made more certain of the truth of their assumption, that all so-called Mosaic geological theories are mere nonsense. We know nothing of the author; but, judging from internal evidence afforded by the work itself, we should suppose that he has only been self-educated in all those matters of science of which he treats; we should be very much surprised to hear that he has ever studied in a museum of natural history, or attended any course of lectures on geology. He seems to have got up his subject immediately from books, without the advantage of a museum to compare and examine, or of a teacher to consult on the meaning of doubtful phrases and theories. Hence (we think) it comes that he so often takes words for things; unconsciously misrepresents well-known theories, by leaving out some essential point which perhaps was not mentioned then and there by the author whom he quotes, on account of its being so



familiar; that he argues against old exploded theories which no one now holds, and puts forward others which are themselves equally exploded. To give a few examples: Poor Dr. Buckland, in his ecstasy at beholding a vast fossil flora in the Bohemian coal-mines, launches forth into a rhetorical flourish about the "gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of the surface." Our author adopts this statement as literal; and by means of it controverts the received theory, that these beds were formed under enormous pressure. "How are we to account for the perfect preservation of tender branches, and festoons, and flowers under circumstances similar to those in which the trunks were flattened and squeezed together till the opposite sides met?" (p. 120.) We do not think that it would have been possible for any one conversant with real specimens of the carboniferous flora thus to take Dr. Buckland's poetical apostrophe for a literal description of phenomena, and to mistake in so egregious a manner mere words for things.

Again, in page 231, he says that geologists allow no fixed continents; and then accuses them of inconsistency in allowing a persistence of the same continents during immense periods of time. It is needless to remark on the misrepresentations in this sentence. Geologists assert that all known lands bear evidence of having been at some time or other beds of the ocean, or of lakes; that there is a perpetual and secular variation going on; that though perhaps the proportions of land and sea are always about the same, yet their distribution is quite different in different ages. Thus, the variations are so slow, that each great feature is fixed in nearly the same condition for ages, though a perpetual change is going on, which, in the course of time, must obliterate it. Again, he argues as if it were now a theory held by geologists, that animals had *produced* the lime, and vegetables the carbon, found in a mineral state in the earth. As if organic creatures had assimilated some common *materia prima*, and had transformed it into one or other of the simple elementary substances. And then he makes the further mistake of identifying this exploded theory with the other theory, that all the carbon in the coal-beds, and all the lime in the chalk formations, have once formed part of animal or vegetable tissues, have been plants or corals. But it is a very different thing to assert that the chalk-beds are a collection of the exuviae of the animals that form and frequent coral-reefs, and to assert that the coral animalcule secretes lime by its own digestive powers, *i.e.* transforms one element into another. Yet all through his chapters on limestone and coal, our author seems to us to have confused these theories.

Again, we do not know what naturalists will think of a writer who, in these days, gravely tells us that fossils and organic impressions are merely *lusi naturæ*. He does not say this of all fossils, but only of some, though of how many he does not explain; we suppose of all which will not conveniently fit into his own theories. Thus, p. 125, he collects many instances where several metals and minerals have assumed vegetable forms; in the next page, he quotes descriptions of stalactitic caves, and of the objects which an excited imagination saw therein—altars, draperies, fruits, flowers, and architectural forms. Hence he argues (*ib.*, and again page 141), that “coal may also assume vegetable forms, and that the fossil flora of coal does not demonstrate the vegetable origin of that mineral.” He says the same of the foot-prints which are common in the slabs of some formations; they could not have been real foot-prints, else the succeeding layers would have obliterated them (!); but they come like the knots in pine-wood (p. 152). Hence, these foot-prints “are not like those of any living animal, because they were never impressed by living animals.” Let any one go to a museum, and examine for a moment any of these imprinted slabs, and he will see how ridiculous such assertions are. We need scarcely dwell on the analogous evidence which our author adduces to prove his point. A Spanish commissioner found impressions of human feet and hands, and of birds’ feet, on a mass of iron (probably meteoric) in South America; these must have been a *lusus naturæ*; therefore all similar impressions are the same (p. 155). Our author does not take into account the unconquerable propensity of uninstructed men to see similarities in every thing. The infantile moulder will represent a man by a large ball of clay for a body, a small one for his head, and four straws for arms and legs. In fact, it is much easier to see resemblances than to observe differences. If nature, or the laws of crystallisation, sometimes produces rough external resemblances of animal or vegetable forms, it is no reason why fossils, in which the microscope discovers all the minutest traces of the animal or vegetable structure, should be referred to the same origin. We could multiply almost indefinitely examples of the way in which this writer appears to us to misunderstand and jumble together scientific theories of different schools; but we think that the examples now given will be sufficient to dispose of his claims to be considered a proficient in modern science. We are sorry that our judgment of his proficiency in the more abstract branches of science cannot be much more favourable. He certainly seems to be well acquainted with mathematics, both pure and applied, *e.g.* mechanics and hydrostatics.

But the whole structure of the volume shows a singular

deficiency in logical skill. He controverts all geological theories as mere hypotheses, and sets up counter-theories on the authority of his own interpretation of Scripture; as if the deduction of any doctrine not of faith, and therefore unknown to the Church, from a text of Scripture, were not as pure hypothesis, as to deduce the same, or the contradictory theory, from fossil remains, or other phenomena. He would not call his own theories more than probable: we cannot admit even this; but he requires the unfortunate geologists to reduce every thing to *certainty* before he will consent to listen to them. He uses the ingenuous admissions of geologists, that they are not quite counsellors of God and cannot pretend to tell the how and the why of every thing, as arguments not for their fallibility, but for their actual falsehood. It is easy enough to bother scientific men, and to suggest countless difficulties to their theories; but when the objector takes to building, instead of pulling down, then it is his turn to suffer, and to be done unto by others as he has done unto them. Wisely and logically does Brownson denounce all objections to revealed religion from modern sciences, as mere partial and probable arguments against a conclusion which is certain on other grounds; he does not fight the sciences on their own ground, but from the strong rock of truth he looks down on the foaming waves beneath him. Our author, on the other hand, with armour unproven, though with the most undoubting confidence, descends into the arena, enters the *mêlée*, and we fear we must add, in the judgment of all scientific men, gets the worst of it.

We have one other objection to make to our author; and that is, that he does not seem to have a scientific or philosophical knowledge of theology. If he had, he would never say that it is necessary to maintain the literal and *primâ facie* meaning of Moses, at the same time that he owns that the adversaries of the Copernican theory were wrong in maintaining the literal meaning of Josue. Or, again, he would never maintain that it was necessary to believe *one*, and one only, *great miraculous omnipotent act* of creation, which occupied six days six thousand years ago, and then ceased for ever, if he had remembered that it was the doctrine of the Church that each human soul is a fresh creation of God, as really so as the creation of Adam's soul; and if he had known that St. Basil thinks that the words "*producant aquæ*," and the like, are the law by which even now the earth and the waters produce their organised inhabitants; and that St. Augustine teaches that, by virtue of this law, the earth, desolated after the deluge, in some insulated places produced by itself fresh breeds to replace the animals that had perished. Neither, again, would



he have asserted so often that the Fathers unanimously held that the six Mosaic days are days of twenty-four hours, if he had read St. Cyprian, who says that they contain 6,000 years; or Origen and his school, who say that they do not mean time at all; or Philo and Procopius, who assert that they are not days, but only a way of enumerating the works; or St. Augustine, who says that they are not time, but the manifestation of material creatures to angelic intelligences; or St. Thomas, who, though he allows of the literal interpretation, yet distinctly says, over and over again, that he prefers that of St. Augustine, as more subtle, less superficial, and better fitted to defend the holy Scriptures from the scoffs of infidels.

In a word, we lament in this writer the want of that intellectual training which gives the mind a connected view and an easy grasp of the subject which it treats about. We want the steadiness and consistency of view, which only a thorough training can give, and which is almost always sought in vain among self-educated men, however great may be their natural abilities. We do not deny but that in the volume before us are several remarks of great value, such as those on the miracles of Scripture in chapter xxiv. But as a whole, and with a view to its specific purpose, we consider the book to be a sad failure; though it may perhaps satisfy those who do not know much of the subject, and who will be content with an answer that looks learned to objections, the precise force of which they do not themselves understand. Should the book fall into the hands of the learned infidel, we fear those weighty words of St. Augustine\* would be verified: "It often happens that a person not a Christian has a most certain and profound knowledge of the earth and heaven and their movements. It is extremely degrading and pernicious, and most especially to be avoided (*turpe nimis, et perniciosum, et maxime cavendum*), that any infidel should ever hear a Christian laying down what he pretends to be the Christian tradition on these subjects, while in reality he is talking such errors that his hearers cannot contain their laughter. Not that we care for the mistaken man being derided; but the misery is, that the sacred writers are supposed by those without to have held such opinions, and are therefore despised and rejected as ignorant. For when they find a Christian talking nonsense on natural subjects, and asserting that he finds it in his books, how will they be brought to believe in these books concerning the resurrection of the dead and the hope of eternal life, when they are found to be fallible in those things concerning which the heathen have scientific knowledge?"

\* De Gen. ad lit. i. 19.

## TRANSLATIONS: A GOOD SPECIMEN AND A BAD.

*The Power of the Pope in the Middle Ages*, by M. Gosselin; translated by the Rev. M. Kelly, Professor of French and Belles Lettres at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Vol. II. London: Dolman.

WE are extremely sorry to hear that the Library of Translations, of which this is the second volume, has been but indifferently supported by the Catholic public. This Library was a spirited undertaking, most creditable to the publisher, and promising to make most extensive and acceptable additions to our present limited stock of Catholic literature. The books were well chosen, and a council of literary men guaranteed the fidelity of the translations. It is true, indeed, that Gosselin's work is of a learned character, and better suited to the student perhaps than to the general reader; but the other works that are promised are of a more popular kind. The specimen of biography, for instance, which stands next upon the list,—the life of Innocent III. by Hurter—is as entertaining as it is instructive. We sincerely hope, therefore, that the publisher will receive sufficient encouragement to induce him to persevere in his very laudable enterprise. The point to which we particularly desire to call our readers' attention at the present moment is the excellence of the translation. As long as such men as Mr. Kelly are engaged in this task, there is no fear of the original works being injured by the process of translation from one language into another; and we gladly accept these volumes as a specimen of the series, and a pledge that those which are to follow will not be executed by any inferior hand.

An unfaithful translation of any work, however valuable, is a literary nuisance; indeed the nuisance and the injury is great, in exact proportion to the value of the work which is spoiled. We have lately been reading in an English translation an interesting account of our own country written by a foreigner about three hundred and fifty years ago. It is published by the Camden Society; but fortunately they have published also the original, so that their subscribers have an opportunity of comparing the two. The translation does not read badly; the flow of language is easy and elegant; but on examination we have found that in many instances it is singularly incorrect. We will give an example, just by way of showing our readers how really valuable historical truths may sometimes be lost to the public through the carelessness of an

incompetent translator. The author of the account alluded to is talking of the administration of justice in England at the close of the fifteenth century, and of the privilege enjoyed by the clergy of rescuing from capital punishment all *clerks*, or persons who could read—a custom which would of course materially diminish the number of public executions, though it could have no such effect upon the number of offences committed, or the number of offenders brought to trial. However, in the translation the author is made to continue his narrative as follows; “But, notwithstanding all these evasions, people are taken up every day by dozens, like birds in a covey, and especially in London.” Struck by the *non-sequitur* of this sentence, we turned to the original, and found that what the author had really said was this: that, “notwithstanding these modes of escape, men were hung up every day by the dozen, especially in London, as if they were so many handfuls of birds, and that, spite of this, they never cease to rob and murder in the streets.” (*Ogni giorno ne sono impiccati li belle dozzine, come se fossino mazzi d’uccelli.*) To every one who has visited an Italian market-place, these words cannot fail to recall a picture which he has seen there a hundred times; dozens of larks, *beccafichi*, or other small birds, strung together on a bit of twine, or with a thin wooden skewer through their heads; and they convey to his mind a most striking representation of the extraordinary frequency of public executions in those days. This passage therefore, as written by the author, or when properly translated, becomes a valuable confirmation of that statement in Holinshed’s Chronicle, which belongs to a few years later, namely, that 22,000 persons were put to death in England during the reign of Henry VIII. only for theft. In the translation that has been published, however, no such fact can be recognised, and this important testimony is altogether lost.

Another book is lying before us, whose mistranslations are absolutely innumerable. Fortunately, it is a work of fiction, not of history; neither do we think it at all a good one of its kind. But though its excellence, in the original, had been superlative, it could not have stood the murderous process to which it has been subjected, and come out in a condition of even tolerable mediocrity. It is stated on the title-page to be “from the German of . . . .” We presume that this means that the story was originally written in German, and we will take the publisher’s word for that fact. But it is perfectly clear that the present translator had, not a German, but a French copy before him. It is impossible to read half a dozen pages without being convinced of this. Thus, a man who is



partner with another is "associated to" him; a servant cheating his master is "disloyal" to him; a professor who takes private pupils is said "to give particular lessons;" a minister at the head of a department of government and superintending the subordinate officers, "inspects near" them; a gentleman who is confined to his bed with a bad cold, "has a defluxion of the breast, which prevents him from rising;" and another gentleman who is not waited upon at an hotel as well as he could wish, calls for the butler, and "severely injures him;" &c. &c. These phrases may suffice as specimens of the elegance of this translation; but though we have, again and again in these pages, insisted that not every schoolboy who with the help of a grammar and dictionary can *do into English* a passage of Greek, or Latin, or French, is therefore competent to translate a book written in either of these languages—still less, that he is at liberty to publish his translation; yet we should not have thought it necessary to call special attention to any ordinary breach of these canons in the case of such *parva materia* as a three-penny story-book for the use of children. The faults of the present translation, however, go far deeper than this. There are many passages to which, after the most diligent perusal, we have utterly failed in assigning even any probable meaning; and there are many more which manifest a most consummate indifference to all the laws of Lindley Murray and other English grammarians. In some instances the translator has not even taken the trouble to open his dictionary, but has boldly rendered the French words into such English ones, as, without making absolute nonsense of the passage, most nearly resembled the French in sound and spelling. Thus we have a gentleman "distributing money to the poor of the *common*, where *the houses of pleasure* were situated," meaning thereby "the poor of the parish (*commune*) where his country-house was situated;" and by a still more extraordinary metamorphosis, an elegant bureau or writing-table (*joli secrétaire*) becomes "a jolly-looking secretary!" We have seen nothing to equal this since the famous translations which appeared in the *Art of Pluck*; where "*Annibal transivit Alpes summâ diligentia*," was happily rendered "*Annibal crossed the Alps on the top of a diligence*;" and "*celeritate descenderunt*," "*they went down at a very quick rate*." We most earnestly hope we may never see any more such *jeux d'esprit*, unless it be in a second edition of that clever and entertaining little work. In a book professing to be a *bonâ fide* translation, and offered for sale as such by a Catholic publisher, they are really unpardonable.

Such translations as these are not only disgraceful in

themselves, but most injurious to the progress of Catholic literature; and it is for this reason that we have felt it our duty to expose the present egregious specimen. By forestalling the market with a wretched mistranslation of a work, not only is the publication of a really good translation of the same book rendered commercially impossible, but readers are naturally rendered suspicious of *all* translations; and, though unreasonably, yet not unfrequently, they are led to extend their feeling of disgust to Catholic publications generally. If we were more careful in discountenancing the publication of trash, and only put out such books as should be *good in their class*, no matter how low that class may be, we feel confident that there would not be that depression in the Catholic literary market, of which all parties, authors, publishers, and readers alike, so generally complain. Our American contemporary, Mr. Brownson, has some remarks, in the last number of his review, *à propos* to a volume of very indifferent poetry recently published by a priest in that country, which, with the necessary modification, we heartily adopt as our own with reference to the little book we have been noticing. "We are jealous of the honour of Catholic literature, and cannot recognise it as an article of faith to regard as excellent whatever trash a Catholic may choose to write or publish. Catholic literature is not so poor in this department of tales for the young, as to make us thankful for such small favours as we have here."

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### Poetry.

#### OUR LADY OF LA SALETTE.

DEEP the calm of the grassy hollow  
 Hung amid Alpine slopes,  
 Like humble thoughts of peace that follow  
 The climbing of youthful hopes.  
 Nothing to see but the tender grass  
 And the dome of the distant sky,  
 And clouds that silently sail and pass  
 Like ships of Eternity;  
 Nothing to hear but bleatings lone  
 Sounding their meek appeal,  
 Or the distant low, and the sweet bell's tone,  
 Which the wandering herd reveal.  
 All else deep asleep, while the ages roll,  
 Wears a look to move and perplex the soul,  
 As if the hills would some secret say,  
 Some word of the past and the far away;  
 But nothing to see save the grass and sky,  
 Or to hear, but the flocks and the winds pass by.

Bright was the day ; it was warm noontide,  
 The children played by the water's side,  
 Two children free, half wild of mien,  
 And of other race than ours, I ween.  
 She wore somewhat of girlish grace,  
 But of rudest stamp was the boy's bold face ;  
 With eyes that flashed as with hunter's fire,  
 While all else bespoke the peasant sire.  
 The maiden too was of humble lot,  
 In the nearest vale lay her parents' cot ;  
 They were not kindred ; ne'er had met  
 E'er yester evening's sun had set.  
 In a distant hamlet dwells his sire,  
 And the boy hath left home for humble hire.  
 Strong their young frames, nor to hardship loth,  
 And their life suits well,—they are shepherds both.  
 Braver of heart you will rarely see  
 Than Maximin true, and young Melanie.  
 Each hath stood lone where the mountain peak  
 Was all storm and mist, with unblenched cheek,  
 Still as an image, waiting till light  
 Should break on the map of valley and height ;  
 Each hath tracked out the chime of the bell  
 Where the flock was lost on the farthest fell,  
 Nor ever misgiven of return and rest,  
 To father's roof and on mother's breast.

Sun and breeze and perfumed grass  
 Bid their subtle breathings pass  
 Through their limbs ; shadows creep  
 O'er their eyes : the children sleep.

Surely God's ways are not as our ways are !  
 To Him the bud of evanescent grace  
 Is known and glorious as the golden star  
 Lightening for myriad ages through all space.  
 The cry of babes is listened to by Him  
 Athwart the music of the cherubim ;  
 Things poor, despised, and slight to eyes of sense  
 Work the chief wonders of His providence ;  
 Vast islands crown the sea, whose rocky towers  
 An insect builds : His ways are not as ours !

And now God moves for high and wondrous aim  
 A mighty nation's burning heart to tame ;  
 Where are the cannon, where the sword and lance ?  
 Dread must the host be that would deal with France !

Not by sabre, not by lance,  
 God deals with thee, wayward France !  
 Other plans His wisdom finds,  
 Ways to work on hearts and minds.  
 Prayer hath almost filled the cup,  
 Martyr-blood hath brimmed it up ;  
 Tortured priest and outraged nun  
 Your strong prayers of love have won,



Intercession's work is done.  
From the dripping guillotine  
Life hath flushed Faith's sapling green;  
God will now the sapling rear  
Day by day and year by year,  
Till it wave in calm expanse  
Over all the plains of France.  
He will warn with message dread  
Peasant heart and kingly head,  
He will speak to all the land  
So that all may understand;  
Speak of woe and deadly sin,  
And the path may pardon win.  
Millions shall awake to prayer,  
So that vengeance half shall spare  
E'en the hardened and the dead;  
Yet the woe that shall be said  
Shall so far be wrought, that none  
May have doubt by Whom 'tis done.  
And from France's thrilling heart  
Power shall radiate, life shall start;  
Europe wide shall learn from her,  
The penitent and missionary.

Who shall My prophet be of this high word,  
Through whom the terrors of My voice be heard?  
Nations and destinies of kings at stake,  
Who dare the seal amid the thunders break?  
Two shepherd children wearied out with play  
Sleep 'mong the hills,—my ministers be they!

But not in terror nor in tempest loud  
My will shall reach them from the awful cloud;  
It shall drop down like dew from those chaste lips,  
Which all the light of summer skies eclipse;  
Those eyes of mercy shall be turned to them  
That sweetly bathed the crib of Bethlehem,  
And by an age that scorns her shall be seen  
The sorrowing Mother and the angels' Queen!

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They have woke from slumber sweet,  
They have sprung with nimble feet  
Up the green and daisied ground  
Of the nearest swelling mound.  
Where do their cattle feed?  
To what sweet pastoral mead  
Have they strayed in vale or hill  
Browsing on at random will?—  
Yonder they are; see, Maximin,  
The sheltered nook that they are in.

Suddenly they stand,  
Breathless, hand in hand;  
The boy his rough staff grasps,  
Her hand he firmly clasps,

While to him she presses near;  
Yet it is not common fear;  
Half amazement, half delight,  
Checks their breath and dims their sight.

When the rainbow's dewy fire  
On the landscape overflows,  
All within it, grove or spire,  
Like a vapoury vision glows,  
All beyond wears earthly grace;  
But at the great arch's base,  
More like dream than sight  
There will lie some well-known spot,  
New-born in the bath of light,  
So sublimed we know it not,  
Made one nature with the skies,  
And a glimpse of paradise.

Such the splendour shed  
O'er the arid fountain's bed,  
So kindled up and glorified  
Its reeds and mossy side,  
As if all the million dews  
Which summer nights diffuse  
From that one holy spot  
Their enamelled arrows shot;  
As if the flashing smile  
From every ocean wave  
Together drawn should lave  
The sand of some lone isle  
Where a new martyr lies,  
And there with plangent sighs,  
Dissolve in cataracts bright  
And laughing bursts of light.

No earthly thing is so intense  
As the scene that meets their sense;  
When the lightning leaps through heaven  
To the thunder's long alarm,  
Like a dagger wildly driven  
By a mighty hidden arm,  
The subtle edges flash  
With the stroke sublime,  
And the far sky feels the gash  
In an instant's time.  
So vivid and so quick  
Spring the sharp rays thick  
From the knoll of verdant sod;  
And yet all soft they shower  
As at evening hour  
Fair moonlight flows abroad.

What means the wondrous prism,  
And whence the glorious chrism  
Poured out on earth's dull brow?  
And deep within the glow  
What is it flasheth so?  
What see—what see ye now?

Deep in the vapoury gold  
In the heart of that sunlight  
Is a form of gentle mould,  
Motionless and bright ;  
Apparelled like a queen,  
Yet on the swelling green  
She sits with bended head,  
As one who mourns the dead.

They do not kneel,  
Though well they feel  
The weight of sudden awe ;  
Nearer they must go,  
Yet timidly and slow ;  
And as they onward draw,  
From its lowly seat  
See it rise ! The gliding feet  
Calmly float along the grass,  
Not treading as they pass,  
As the slow and poised wing  
Of a dove down hovering  
Subsideth to the nest  
Where it blesses and is blest.

O'er the illumined green  
She comes, and stands between  
The humble girl and boy ;  
And now in each young heart  
No other thought hath part  
Than wonder and strange joy.  
But the brow so high and fair  
Of that lady rare,  
Though wondrous calm, and bright  
As the moon of tropic night,  
Is sad beyond belief ;  
Large tears are on her cheek,  
And the mild lips tremble weak  
With woman's silent grief.  
And yet a holy power  
Pervadeth sorrow's hour,  
Love and wisdom's balm  
Shed unimagined calm  
From the wondrous eyes  
That govern, yet beseech,  
While on lips essaying speech  
Utterance dies.

How is it heavy tears  
So roll where woe and fears  
Are wholly swallowed up ?  
Can pain send any breath  
Of the taint of sin and death  
O'er the brimming heavenly cup ?  
Ah ! questions to perplex our feeble skill.  
This know we, that if tears in heaven distill,  
They are from love, and flow of freest will.



And hath not God said grief and pity's mood  
 Have won a place in His infinitude?  
 Such tears must be like summer's glittering drops  
 Scattering new bliss o'er vales and mountain tops;  
 The sloping gleams strike down on rock and sea,  
 And heighten glory with variety.

Gently the light with gliding motion swept,  
 Between them stood, and looked on them, and wept;  
 And weeping, spake in mortal's simple phrase,  
 "My people! if ye change not now your ways,  
 I must let fall my Son's avenging hand;  
 So strong it weighs, I can no more withstand.  
 Long have I watched you with a mother's care,  
 And without pause to Him hath risen my prayer,  
 Lest He should leave you; still ye take no heed!  
 Live like the blessed, or like the martyrs bleed,  
 Spurning the things of earth for things above,  
 Weak thanks were all, for all my mother's love.

"Ye know the holy word: *Six days are given  
 For man to work, one only asked for Heaven;*  
 And yet you give it not: therefore doth weigh  
 More and more heavy, as day follows day,  
 My Son's right hand, to whom be praise alway!  
 The toiling wagoner now feels no shame  
 To take in vain my Son's all-hallowed name;  
 Flung to the winds the happy day of rest;  
 The holy Name dethroned by lips unblest.  
 The cup fills up . . . And, oh, could it be known  
 How heavy, laid in mine, the wounded Hand hath grown!

"Now, hearken to me: your own sins accuse  
 If earth a harvest to your toil refuse.  
 I touched, last year, the humblest of earth's fruit,  
 The peasants' daily food, the common root;  
 It crumbled down to dust and bitterness,  
 And ye were hard, nor turned that God might bless;  
 But gazing on your fields in sullen pain  
 Took, as before, the holy Name in vain.  
 Therefore this year shall see the same decay,  
 All, as before, to dust shall die away.  
 Nor one remain by holy Christmas day!

"Ah! my children, well I see  
 Your little minds' perplexity.  
 Scarce can your untaught ears,  
 'Mid wonder, joy, and fears,  
 The simplest meaning reach  
 Not uttered in your mountain speech.  
 And now, my listeners young,  
 In humblest shepherd tongue  
 Shall be given the message dread  
 That must now be said."

Yet all had been of purpose; God had willed  
 Each syllable of love those lips distilled,

And gave for sign, that each sad word  
By those poor children heard,  
Though strange to them as tones of foreign speech,  
Their minds should firmly grasp, their lips to others teach.  
And now the embassy of Mary comes  
In sounds of their own cottage homes;  
Yet never words of kingly doom  
Wore such an awful grace  
And high mysterious trace  
Of climes beyond the tomb!  
Wondrous the gift to saintly glory given,  
Stooping to earth, yet losing nought of heaven!

“Sow no more the seed!  
Beasts shall feed  
On the growing blade:  
What seemeth not to fail  
Beneath the very flail  
Into dust shall fade,  
Famine ye shall see;  
And ere that famine be,  
On the prattling child shall come,  
And on the infant dumb,  
A sickness through the land;  
They shall tremble like the leaf,  
And palsied as by grief  
Sink in the nurses' hand.

Then youth and age shall find their penance too,  
And learn what famine hath the power to do.  
For the deadly blight  
Shall take a wider flight;  
The kernel in the shell  
Shall forget to swell,  
And long ere autumn's day,  
Though fair the clusters hang, and light the tendrils play,  
The vine shall know a change, and the vintage pass away.  
Turn ye, my people! Oh, if yet ye turn,  
And in you faintly love begin to burn,  
Dry stones and cold rocks desolate  
Shall run to heaps of harvest's golden weight,  
The self-sown roots shall swell the kindly soil,  
And the pale crowd shall win a harvest without toil!”

And she was silent. Then, as in a dream,  
When all things strange and unexpected seem,  
Young Melanie beheld the fair lips speak  
Brief words to Maximin with gesture meek,  
While her own ears as in a sleep  
Lay in hollow silence deep,  
As to one that dips the head  
Underneath the billows' roar,  
Suddenly the winds are dead  
And the billow sounds no more,  
And the swimmer's ear is dull  
In the calm and glassy lull;  
So the maiden's hearing dies away,  
And while she marks those lips divines not what they say.

Then sudden sense and sound  
 Through the shut nerves bound,  
 For on her the heavenly gaze  
 Wells out in gentle rays ;  
 'Tis she the sweet voice hears,  
 While her playmate's ears  
     Slumber in their turn ;  
 Not more serenely mute  
     On antique funeral-urn  
 Are pictured lyre and flute,  
 With fingers fain to strike,  
 And lips so breathing-like,  
 Than is now the angel tongue  
 Hushed to the ear of that shepherd young.

Neither had heard what the other heard,  
 But each treasures up the word :  
 Hers lies at her heart an abiding power,  
 Like heavenly love's first token-flower.  
 His secret he holds, as with earnest brow  
 Grasps the young knight his sword on the day of his vow.  
 Not the lightness of youth, nor the scoffer's mock,  
 Shall break that seal from their hearts of rock :  
 A wondrous gift was made theirs that hour,  
 And influx of heavenly wisdom's power ;  
 To guard their secret an iron will,  
 Even more than the disputant's subtlest skill,  
 In all else but peasant children still.  
 Anger and threats they will learn to bear,  
 Scorn and suspicion shall be their share ;  
 Captiously snared 'mid the prattlings of youth,  
 Branded as traitors to holy truth,  
 They shall baffle with wit, or with silence stern,  
 And none shall the holy secrets learn  
 Save the Vicar of Christ in St. Peter's chair,—  
 He, and none else, the gift may share.

---

Once more her lips moved, and the slow words spake,  
 " Tell ye my people of the things I say,"  
 And she moved forward. Lo, upon her way  
 Again she turns, again the slow sounds wake :  
 " Tell ye my people of the things I say."

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She leaves us ; she rises ! statue-like fair,  
 From the crystal column of viewless air  
 She looketh down ; the rippling light  
 Flashes more fast from the growing height,  
 And a dewy vapour of pearl and rose  
 Around her feet like a vesture flows.  
 Blossoming buds seem lightly hung  
 The fleecy and hovering folds among,  
 And here and there light waving sprays  
 Of garlanded petals edge the haze,  
 And the boy stretches up, as if he would spring  
 To snatch but one gem from that cloud's bright wing.  
 In vain, in vain ; as a noiseless stream



Sways the lily-cup in its glassy gleam,  
The cloud and the veil of various light  
Are floating the Lady beyond their sight!  
The little hearts swell, the young eyes strain,—  
O Lady, O Mother, remain, remain!  
But cloud upon cloud of purest hue  
Drop their curtains down through the silent blue,  
And the Lady is lost, they scarce know how,  
Still bending o'er them her gentle brow;  
And her latest look resembled one  
Of her first tearful smiles o'er her infant Son.

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The children's word hath gone,  
Like a mighty tocsin-bell,  
From Jura to Garonne,  
From Rhone unto Moselle,  
From Pyrenees to Rhine;  
God's judgment peaaleth loud,  
O'er the earth lies famine's shroud,  
The furrow loathes the seed,  
And like a putrid weed  
Hang the wreathings of the vine!  
And the knees are bent at last  
Like grass before the blast;  
Men feel that God is near,  
And they beat their breasts in fear.  
A million vows are vowed  
In cloister and in crowd,  
And the furnace-cloud of sin  
Shrinketh pale and thin;  
Through blasphemy's hot air  
Breathes a fresh dawn of prayer,  
And the great heart of France  
Wakes from ghastly trance;  
She is gazing up to God, and her cheek is wet;  
And the workers of the work are the children of Salette!

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There flows a fountain in exulting mood  
From the fresh turf whereon our Mother stood;  
It springs with ceaseless bounding night and day,  
And no midsummer heat arrests its play;  
Its crystal basin is that dry moss-nest,  
Where the sun-basking pebbles lay at rest,  
What time arose the fair Star of the sea  
That day on Maximin and Melanie.

Many the pilgrims who, early and late,  
That mountain climb, by that fountain wait;  
Many the pale lips, tasting its wave  
With the penitent faith and love that save,  
Start to new life,—thus drawing near  
To the dear Son through the Mother dear.

Oh, crowned above angels, gain from thy Son  
That for us e'en a mightier vision be won  
Than ever hath kindled the solitudes yet  
Of Carmel, Manresa, and holy Salette;

Than all that in high-cadenced story divine  
 His lost Blessor revealed to the Florentine,  
 In the sculptured verse of that solemn dream  
 Where heaven and the thrones of heaven are the theme.  
 Ah, win for souls far more at his hand  
 Than a lull in the speed of mortality's sand,  
 Be the breath breathed on us of another flame  
 Than rekindles the pulse of the dying frame!

Yea, like to shepherd children, may we tend  
 Calm thoughts upon the hills of worship; bend  
 Daily a firmer step to the high slope,  
 And 'mid the naked peaks of Desolation hope!  
 And ever and anon, when mists surround  
 Purity's snows and Trial's stony ground,  
 When wasted hours induce the spirit's sleep,  
 Come, Vision known upon those mountains! sweep  
 All-gently past us, and fade up the skies,  
 Waking to noble longing slumber's eyes:  
 Then breathe to each some secret, hidden grace,  
 With strength to keep it until "face to face!"  
 So, Lady of Salette, watch on, until  
 We have sprung up beyond the weary hill;  
 Then shalt thou take that right hand glorified,  
 Take it in thine, like meek and trustful bride,  
 No longer bearing up its sorrowing weight,  
 For clients safe within the crystal gate;  
 But bidding stoop the new-come pilgrim, lo,  
 The joined hands move with action sweet and slow,  
 Swayed by one will; from the hand held by thine  
 Bright rays of blessing o'er the pilgrim shine.  
 Ah, then what pressure thrills his bending head!  
 'Tis of that palm, the very palm once red  
 For his poor sake; it lingers on his brow,  
 And all his long-sought heaven beginneth now!

September 1853.

MARIE PEREGRINUS.

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### SHORT NOTICE.

THE *English Churchman* asserts that a "Convert from Anglicanism" is guilty of falsifying a quotation from Dr. Johnson, in his advertisement of a forthcoming work—*Protestantism essentially a persecuting Religion*,—in order to make the Doctor condemn British and Irish Protestantism for 300 years' persecution of the Catholics in general, whereas he spoke only of Irish Protestant persecutions of Irish Catholics. The *Churchman* calls on "the Convert" for the volume and page of Johnson's works where he gets his quotation. It also repeats a serious charge against a Catholic publisher, to the effect that he grossly falsified a quotation from its own review of a Catholic publication, in his advertisements of that publication; and it declares, that, on representing the matter to the publisher in question, it met with a flat refusal of redress. If the case is as the *English Churchman* protests, such conduct cannot be too severely condemned.

### END OF VOLUME XII.

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Robson, Levey, and Franklyn, Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

